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The DUCHESS of WINDSOR

The DUCHESS of WINDSOR

Née WALLIS WARFIELD

*Her life in America and Europe including the
events which led to her first meeting H.R.H the
Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales and their
subsequent marriage.*

By

EDWINA H. WILSON

LONDON



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The Duchess of Windsor

CHAPTER I

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

BESSIE WALLIS WARFIELD, the maiden name of the Duchess of Windsor, was born June 19, 1896.

The young mother, holding her infant daughter in her arms, looked up at the faces above her, smiled, and announced that the baby was to bear her father's name, "Wallis".

"Even though she is a girl," said Mrs. Warfield, "I want her to have his name."

Thus the child was christened—with "Bessie" added as a first name in honour of her mother's sister, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, of Washington, D.C., and also for her mother's cousin, Mrs. Alexander Brown, of Baltimore.

Teackle Wallis Warfield, who was never to see his daughter, Bessie Wallis (an only child), had died just a few weeks before at Blue Ridge Summit, where the young couple had gone, hoping that there his health might be restored. There are men and women in Baltimore today who remember how handsome a pair they were together—T. Wallis Warfield and his bride, the former Alice Montague. Theirs was a love match, youthful and impetuous, though approved by both families. It is still told that Alice Montague, a Virginia beauty, had wealthier suitors. The wealthy young men (there was one in particular) she dismissed,

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to follow the dictates of her heart and marry T. Wallis Warfield, an exemplary young man of excellent family who had, however, little money. He did not live long enough to acquire much more.

The infant daughter of this couple inherited her mother's wit and gracious manner. In appearance, little Wallis was more like the Warfields—and is to this day. She is not tall—about five feet four inches—though her slenderness seems to give her greater height.

Her face is distinctive for her high cheekbones, which artists invariably admire. Her brow is broad and well proportioned. Her brown hair (a rich, medium shade) is parted in the centre and drawn back in the softest of waves. At the back the hair is rolled in two coils, crossing each other. There are no hair ornaments in her wardrobe, but on rare occasions a single diamond gleams in the dark sleekness of her hair.

Her eyes are blue, her skin a creamy, pale tan. She has beautiful teeth of unusual whiteness, and generous lips.

She has, also, small, graceful feet and ankles, and has been known to buy eighteen pairs of shoes at one time.

Once heard, it is unlikely that anyone would forget her voice. It is low-pitched, distinctive, but not at all typically Southern.

One who has known her since childhood says of the Duchess: "All her features are good, yet, put together, they do not make beauty. The effect is rather that of a sparkling personality and good nature—more intriguing than beauty."

Another—and there is no one in her intimate circle of friends who knows her better—says: "To me, Wallis's outstanding characteristics have always been her self-discipline, her courage, and loyalty. She is very reserved and undemonstrative, but, when she



A FORTY-YEAR-OLD SNAPSHOT OF THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR
WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. ALYS MONTAGUE WARFIELD

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

does show affection or tenderness, you value it far more than from one who shows emotion easily. She is one of the best judges of people I have ever known. She is extremely subtle, and yet one of her greatest charms is her complete naturalness. I have never seen her make pretences of any sort."

Wallis Simpson lived for a time at 16 Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, London. The house, which she rented from its owner, Mrs. Cuthbert B. Stewart (absent on a round-the-world tour), happens to stand on land which belongs to the Crown.

By a curious coincidence, the Duchess of Windsor spent much of her childhood in a home that, as Crown property, had been granted to her ancestors by the British monarch. Both of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mactier Warfield, were born in homes that had been the property of their families since the days of the original grants from the British Crown.

"White Cottage", in Howard County, Maryland, the birthplace of Mr. Warfield, is part of the original grant to Richard Warfield, first of the family that went to America, in 1662.

"Manor Glen", where the Duchess, as a child, spent many summers, was also an original grant from the British Crown to the ancestors of Anna Emory, who became Mrs. Henry Mactier Warfield. Mrs. Warfield was a descendant, through the Emorys, of the well-known Gittings family of Maryland, whose ancestral home was known as "Long Green", located in the beautiful Long Green Valley in Baltimore County.

.

There is a story—and it happens to be a true one—of Wallis Simpson's meeting with H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, then H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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It was in June 1931—June 10, to be exact. The Royal Family had assembled in the throne-room at Buckingham Palace for an evening of presentations at Court. Queen Mary was there in a gown of eastern-blue paillettes and a train to match, lined with blue tissue. She wore a diamond tiara, diamond ornaments, and the Order of the Garter across her breast. Princess Mary, the Countess of Harewood, wore white satin and rose point lace with jewellery of sapphires and diamonds. King George and three of his sons, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George (now Duke of Kent), were in full Court attire. Attending the Court that night, also, was the aged Duke of Connaught, uncle of King George.

The vast room was a glittering array of gold braid and vividly coloured uniforms, of women in multi-hued gowns made with Court trains, each wearing in her hair the three white plumes and tulle veil that is traditional. Men in military and naval uniforms, diplomats and their ladies from the United States, France, Brazil, Portugal, Chile, Japan, Russia, Venezuela, Bulgaria, and a dozen other countries. A scene, the gorgeousness of which is duplicated nowhere else on earth.

Of the men in the room, only King George was seated during the ceremony of the presentations. Standing beside the Prince of Wales was his grand-uncle, the Duke of Connaught. Later that night, at a party given by Lady Furness (the former Thelma Morgan and sister of Gloria Vanderbilt), Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson were invited to meet the Prince of Wales.

CHAPTER II

FAMILY . . . CHILDHOOD

THE little girl in the crisp white dress sat very straight in the haircloth-covered chair. Her feet, too short to reach the floor, dangled in mid air. The little girl's dark hair hung about her shoulders, drawn back from her forehead in a pompadour and tied with a blue ribbon. The ribbon matched the colour of her eyes, which were very round, and solemn.

"And then, Grandmother——?" the little girl asked.

There was the rustle of stiff black silk as Mrs. Henry Mactier Warfield folded a bit of lace and placed it in the sewing-basket beside her. "And then," she answered, "they arrested your grandfather and took him away, my child. To Fort McHenry first. And then to Fort Munroe."

"But weren't you afraid, Grandmother?"

The woman in the black silk gown looked down at the child. A sudden, changed note came into her voice as she said, "Your grandfather, Wallis, was a very brave man. He believed he was in the right, and when he was convinced that his cause was just, no amount of opposition could stop him. Yes, those were dreadful times. Dreadful times for everyone. They were war days. But I trusted your grandfather, and I prayed for him, and the Lord heard my prayers."

The child's eyes unconsciously turned to the portrait on the wall. She had heard the story before

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—many times—but she never tired of it. It made the figure in the portrait so much more real and human. He was a handsome man, though rather awe-inspiring, with his long white patriarchal beard and broad forehead. Little Wallis Warfield knew him only in that portrait; he had been dead long before her birth.

Her grandmother's voice went on: "There were others with your grandfather, of course. All of them taken prisoners together—all prominent and respected men. There was Mayor George William Brown; Henry May, who was in Congress in Washington; and Ross Winans, and Thomas W. Hall, and Teackle Wallis——"

The little girl sat up with a start. "My father!" she exclaimed.

"No, dear. Not your father, but the man after whom he was named. The man after whom you are named, too. Teackle Wallis was a great man and a good man—one of the most scholarly I have ever known. He was a lawyer and provost of the University of Maryland, and in the library you can find the books he wrote. Books about Spain. He was devoted to literature and the language of Spain. Yes, he was with your grandfather through that year and a half of imprisonment. . . ."

Seated in the Victorian drawing-room of her grandmother's home, on Preston Street in Baltimore, Wallis Warfield listened to the story of her grandfather's arrest and his refusal to take the oath of allegiance that would have freed him.

It is a story typical of Maryland in Civil War days.

Henry Mactier Warfield, always deeply interested in public affairs, was secretary of the political reform movement in Baltimore in 1859, which was successful

in defeating the "Know Nothing Party". As a result, the Democratic Reform Party of Baltimore elected him a member of the "War Legislature" of 1861.

First and foremost, before this legislature, was the question whether Maryland should secede or remain in the Union.

South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas had entered the Confederacy. Then followed Virginia, Mississippi, Florida, and Tennessee. The situation in Maryland was at white heat. States' rights . . . "a sovereign, free, and independent nation" . . . the Dred Scott decision . . . Abolitionists . . . Harper's Ferry . . . "personal liberty laws" . . . firing on Fort Sumter . . . "property rights guaranteed by the Constitution"—these were the phrases that thundered on every side.

Henry Mactier Warfield, staunch believer in States' rights, with his ancestry stretching back over two hundred years as Maryland landholders, was on the side of the South. On the night of September 12, 1861, he and a number of other prominent Baltimoreans who were strongly in favour of the legislature passing a bill to sanction the secession of the state, were arrested by order of General John A. Dix, Federal Department Commander.

They were imprisoned, first at Fort McHenry, later at Fort Munroe, Virginia, and Fort Warren, in Boston Harbour.

For a year and a half Mr. Warfield remained in prison. Then, at last, liberty was offered to him, providing he should first take an oath of allegiance to the government. He declined.

Friends urged his release. A lengthy correspondence began between Mr. Warfield and Secretary of War Stanton, which, today, gives interesting sidelights

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on the times. In one of these letters, declining to take the oath of allegiance, Mr. Warfield wrote :

On my part, as I am confined without charge, I renew my claim to be discharged without conditions.

He never did take the oath. At last, at the end of a year and a half of imprisonment, he was released. Although, after leaving Fort Warren and returning to Baltimore, he continued to be a strong Southern sympathizer, he was nevertheless prominent during reconstruction times, not only in business but in a vigorous movement for cleaner politics.

Henry Mactier Warfield established the firm of Henry M. Warfield and Co., exporters of grain and flour. He was one of the original members and one of the first presidents of the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce. He was a director of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and offered the resolution which led to the building of the first Baltimore and Ohio grain elevator, probably the earliest grain elevator constructed in America.

As a boy of nineteen, he went to Brazil, South America, and later travelled extensively in various parts of the world. He was among the first citizens of the United States to establish a business house in Australia—the firm of Warfield, Rogers & Co., which was a branch of his Baltimore organization. His first trip to Australia, it is recorded, was made by sailing-vessel, and took eight months.

Henry Mactier Warfield, grandfather of the Duchess of Windsor, was a direct descendant of Richard Warfield, first of the family which went to America. Richard Warfield arrived in Maryland in 1662, settling on land granted to him by King Charles II.

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The family is known as one of the oldest land-owners in the State. Governor Edwin Warfield, a cousin of the Duchess's father, was at one time president of the Sons of the American Revolution, and had in his possession one of the earliest deeds to property in Maryland.

The annals of the Warfield family go back to Norman England—and earlier. It was Pagan de Warfield, a Norman gentleman who joined the ranks of William the Conqueror and fought valiantly at the Battle of Hastings, who established the Warfields on English soil. As a reward for his valour and loyalty, Pagan de Warfield received an English manor as "knight's fee". "Warfield's Walk", the estate was called, and in the Domesday Book, Pagan de Warfield is also credited with lands in Stratford.

Robert de Warfield, of Warfield House, a Knight of the Order of the Garter during the reign of Edward III, was of the Berkshire branch of the family. A second Pagan de Warfield granted Upton to the Prior of Merton as a free gift, and this was later known as Warfield Parish.

An order from King John, in 1216, sent to Engelgard de Cygoney, who was in charge of Windsor Castle, bade him deliver one Hugh de Polsted to John de Warfield, brother of Elye de Warfield, unless he should meanwhile be ransomed. This John de Warfield lived at Warfield Manor in Warfield's Walk, which was one of sixteen "walks" into which Windsor Forest was divided. In the *Annals of Windsor* are found many interesting references to the name of Warfield, indicating the prominence of the family and its association with the royal household.

Centuries later, in Maryland, the names of Upton and Elye appear in the Warfield connection, the

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family, like many others of English origin, evidently desiring to perpetuate in the New World the names that were familiar and cherished in the Mother country.

Richard Warfield, the founder of the American branch of the family, left Berkshire, with the Howards and several other Berkshire families, and reached the shores of Chesapeake Bay in 1662. The entire group settled on the banks of the Severn in Anne Arundel County, where they lived in close social and religious association.

A few years after his arrival, Richard Warfield became the proprietor of an estate to which he gave his own name. Later he added to this property tracts patented to him as Warfield's Right, the Increase, the Addition, and Warfield's Plains. Within a little more than a quarter of a century he had acquired, to hand down to his children, a large and rich agricultural area.

Richard Warfield was of the house of Robert de Warfield, who bore the crest of the Paschal Lamb. He was a religious man, and was a member of the first vestry of old St. Anne's Church, built in accordance with an Act of the Assembly of 1692 which divided the counties into parishes and ordered churches to be built.

The will of Richard Warfield, which was proved in 1703-4, shows that he must have been a man of wealth who surrounded himself with the means of comfortable, and even luxurious, living. In the will are bequests of "silver spoons" and "leather-covered chairs" in large numbers, services of "new pewter dishes", feather-beds, servants and live-stock, and many hundreds of acres of land, all proclaiming his material success.

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There is also in this will the bequest of "my seal ring to my son John"—surely evidence of the family pride that left to the head of the house the stamp of English lineage.

Richard Warfield's descendants have been prominent in business, politics, the professions of law and medicine, and in military affairs. Dr. Charles Alexander Warfield was one of the founders and president of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of Maryland, and one of his sons, Henry, was a member of Congress in 1820.

In the Severn Militia during the Revolutionary War were Captain Benjamin Warfield, Second Lieutenant Robert Warfield, Ensign Charles Warfield, Captain Philemon Warfield, First Lieutenant Launcelot Warfield, Second Lieutenant Thomas Warfield, and Ensign Joseph Warfield.

Dr. Waller Warfield was a surgeon during the Revolutionary War and afterwards a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. Elijah and David Warfield were captains in the Fifth Regiment of Maryland Militia.

Probably small Wallis Warfield, sitting in her grandmother's drawing-room, long ago in Baltimore, had never even heard the names of these ancestors. Probably, if she had heard them, she would have thought little about them. They had all lived so very long ago.

It was something, though, that Governor Edwin Warfield, of Maryland (in office from 1904 until 1908), should be a relative of hers, and that Governor Andrew Jackson Montague, of Virginia (in office from 1902 until 1906), should be a relative of her mother's.

Much more important, in the opinion of six-year-old Wallis Warfield—and a far greater man, too—

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was her uncle, S. Davies Warfield, who lived with his mother in the house on Preston Street. "Uncle Sol" Warfield, who was to become president of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, president of the Continental Trust Company of Baltimore, and an important figure in the business life of the country, was, at that time, postmaster of Baltimore. He received the appointment from President Cleveland in 1894, and, at the time, was the youngest postmaster in the history of the city.

A close friendship developed between President Cleveland and Postmaster Warfield, and the Baltimorean was frequently called to Washington to give opinions on Maryland affairs. At the end of the Cleveland administration, S. Davies Warfield was reappointed, both by President McKinley and President Theodore Roosevelt.

"Uncle Sol" Warfield was devoted to his niece, Wallis—and remained so throughout his life. He bought her playthings and pets. On pleasant Sunday afternoons they went for walks together. Wallis, an only child, spending much of her time with adults, had a quick wit and lively disposition. Though she admired and respected her grandmother, the house on Preston Street was a much pleasanter place when "Uncle Sol" was about.

S. Davies Warfield never married. He continued to make his home with his mother throughout her lifetime. In his will, in which the bulk of his estate was left to establish a charitable institution to be known as the "Anna Emory Warfield Home for Aged Women" at Manor Glen, his mother's birthplace, he wrote this tribute :

It was always my desire to be financially able to give my mother every comfort in life, which was the main-



THE EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE IN PRESTON STREET, BALTIMORE,
U.S.A.

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spring of my efforts. All my life, up to the time of her death, my mother and myself lived together, and I look back to the days of my earliest recollections of anything, to the unselfish devotion of my mother to her children, her Christian fortitude and patience through the most trying times, to her wonderful example to us all, and my worship of her as one apart from the world around her.

To be with my mother was to recognize a supreme influence ; therefore—to her memory—I wish to establish this memorial, the Anna Emory Warfield Home for Aged Women.

This home, however, was never built, because, after an attempt to break the will on the part of other relatives, it was found that the original fortune of approximately \$5,000,000 had shrunk to about \$1,000,000.

To his niece Bessie, S. Davies Warfield left, at his death, the income from a \$15,000 trust fund, accompanied by this notation :

My niece has been educated by me and otherwise provided for by my mother and myself in addition to the provision made herein.

S. Davies Warfield was to leave his name in the history of American railway development as a member of the organization committee which formed the Seaboard Air Line system. When the system went into receivership in 1908, the successful rehabilitation of the property was credited largely to his efforts as chairman of the receivers. He was also a director and member of the executive committee of the Missouri-Pacific and Western Maryland Railroads. He also organized the group that purchased the Consolidated

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Gas Company, which became the Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Company of Baltimore.

When funeral services for S. Davies Warfield were held, October 25, 1927, in Baltimore, the honorary pall-bearers included : W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad ; Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University ; Arthur Brisbane ; Samuel Untermyer ; and P. A. S. Franklin.

But all that was far in the future as Wallis Warfield, aged six, ran eagerly to meet her uncle when she heard his step, as she walked primly beside him in the Sunday-morning parade on Charles Street, and as the three of them—she and “Uncle Sol” and Wallis’s bulldog “Bully”—romped together on summer afternoons at Manor Glen.

It was, on the whole, a happy childhood, with a devoted mother ; the admonitions of a rather strict, aristocratic grandmother ; visits—most exciting!—to and from Aunt Bessie Merryman in Washington ; other small girls and boys of the neighbourhood to play with ; and always “Uncle Sol” to provide exciting surprises.

Thus Wallis Warfield approached her school-days.

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL-DAYS

SOMETHING frightful—something utterly dreadful!—had happened. The girls knew it the moment Miss Nan rose in the study hall.

The tall figure in dark silk, the hand raised, signalling for silence, the very erectness of Miss Nan's precise, snow-white pompadour (each hair exactly in place, as it invariably was), were signs of warning.

"Girls!" Miss Nan repeated, and there was no possibility of mistaking the tone of voice, "I have something very serious to say to you. It grieves me to report that I have found that the strictest rule of this institution is being broken. I have the proof of what I am about to say. I have seen it with my own eyes. Girls, I find that there are among you some who have been **WRITING LETTERS TO BOYS!**"

Wallis Warfield, first-year student at Oldfields, fashionable boarding-school at Glencoe, Maryland, heard this announcement. Wallis—like fifty-five other Oldfields students, all in the early teens, all from prominent Maryland and Virginia families, or others in near-by States—shuddered.

For Oldfields students knew the rules.

Today, in a charming location with broad lawns, lofty old trees, and, jewel-like, set in the midst of more modern structures, the eighteenth-century country home that was the original building, is

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Oldfields School. Today, as throughout the hundred years and more of its history, it is an institution of the highest standing. Many are the names of women prominent in Society, in civic activities, and in philanthropic work who are listed among its alumnæ.

But Oldfields today is a vastly different place from what it was in 1912, when Wallis Warfield arrived for her first taste of life in boarding-school.

Presiding over the institution was Miss Nan McCulloch, in whose family Oldfields has continued since its beginnings. Miss Nan, in spreading black silk skirts, in gowns that rose to collars, high-boned to her ear-lobes, who wore always a small black cashmere shawl about her shoulders, did not compromise in her views about the training of young women.

Those entrusted to her care learned, first of all, to conduct themselves at all times in a quiet and decorous manner. They learned the etiquette and manners which Miss Nan herself had been taught as a girl. First-year students, each morning when they faced the principal for the day, curtsied deeply. "Old girls"—those who had been there a year or more—might kiss her cheek. Oldfields students learned, too, to be devout in religious observance. Their course of study and class-room recitations were those considered necessary to train young women for a dignified introduction to Society.

On the door of each room in the school dormitory was a placard reminder :

Gentleness and courtesy are expected of the girls at all times.

It was due to this placard that the school's two basket-ball teams (they were not allowed to play

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games in competition with other schools) were known as "Gentleness" and "Courtesy".

Wallis Warfield played in the "Gentleness" team, and played a right good game, too. She was not, however, particularly enthusiastic about basket-ball. She played it, as she has played at other sports throughout her life, always well, but never with the overwhelming enthusiasm that makes such activities the major interest in life for so many young people—and older ones.

.

There is little likelihood that, of those who heard Miss Nan McCulloch make that horrifying pronouncement, "Girls, I find that there are among you some who have been writing to boys", in the study hall at Oldfields that morning in 1912, not one has forgotten.

Writing letters to boys *was* one of the most sternly forbidden of forbidden pleasures in the school.

Awe over the enormity of the charge . . . guilty knowledge that caused hearts to beat in double-time and cheeks to flush . . . dismay over the impending consequences. With such thoughts fifty-six girls listened as Miss Nan continued :

"Tomorrow I want every girl in the school who has broken this rule to come to my room and confess."

In small groups they gathered later and discussed it. In the privacy of their own rooms girls, in twos and threes, sat in sober-faced conclave. What would happen now ? Would the guilty ones be expelled ? Would there be the black shame of packing, of having the doors of the school close behind them, of returning home and, disgraced, facing parents who must hear the truth ?

Low-voiced, the whispering buzzed on.

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Next morning, the ominous day of confession. One by one, the timid approach to Miss Nan's quarters. The slow-spoken, hesitant, "I—I'm so terribly sorry. I'll never do it again—Miss Nan—honestly, I won't ! But I—I did !"

Fifty-six girls in the school. Fifty-four confessions.

It was that morning that Wallis Warfield, making a clean breast of her guilt, heard Miss Nan McCulloch continue (perhaps with a bit of dry humour) :

"While you are about it, Wallis, is there anything further you have to confess ?"

A pause. Then, in a slow voice, "Yes, Miss Nan. I have two jars of jam—I brought them from home the last time I was there—in my room. They're under the bed. And an Edam cheese in my suit-case."

The day, with its mass confessions, passed. There were no frightful consequences. No one was expelled. But the importance of Oldfields rules—and the importance of abiding by them—had been emphasized, unforgettably.

There was another day when Miss Nan rose in the study hall and made an announcement—quite a different one.

"Girls," she began, in a clear voice, her face cameo-like, her light-grey eyes unable to conceal the amusement her voice hid, "it seems that a curious epidemic has broken out in the school. I understand that a number of you, fully appreciating the desirability of a slender figure, have set about to lose weight, and that, to do this, you have been taking doses of cod-liver oil. Will all those who have cod-liver oil in their possession please turn it over to the infirmary ?"

Going to Oldfields meant, to Wallis Warfield, separation from her mother for the first time in her life—for a period of any length. Before that, Wallis

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had attended Arundel School in Baltimore, a private day-school for small boys and girls in the primary classes and for girls alone in the more advanced grades.

Arundel School does not exist today. It stood on Chase Street, just west of Charles Street, easily within walking-distance from Wallis's home at 212 Biddle Street—not far, either, from her grandmother's address on Preston Street.

In 1908 Mrs. Warfield had married John Freeman Raisin, Junr., son of the Democratic Party leader of Baltimore. Newspaper reports of the marriage ceremony mention that "the beautiful young daughter of the bride" attended her mother.

John Freeman Raisin, Junr., died two years later. Widowed for a second time, Mrs. Raisin's interest—even more than most mothers'—centred in her daughter. The two were unusually devoted—and remained so always.

Mrs. Raisin saw to it that Wallis, as a youngster, always wore crisp, fresh school-dresses, that her hair-ribbons stood up in perky bows, that she was off promptly each morning in time to reach Arundel School by nine o'clock.

Arithmetic, spelling, geography, history. Sums on the blackboard. Transitive verbs and intransitive. Participial phrases and compound sentences. "The state of Maryland is bound on the north by Pennsylvania, on the east by Delaware and the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by Virginia. . . ."

Wallis Warfield, as every Maryland school-child, learned how great names and deeds of the past have been associated with the State. Lord Baltimore, who founded the colony in 1632, endowing it with traditions of tolerance and independence; Charles Carrol, of Carrolton, the fiery, intrepid signer of the Declaration

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of Independence; Fort McHenry and Francis Scott Key, who saw "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air", and wrote the national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner"; Edgar Allan Poe, and the house where he lived, and his grave.

There is another story—peculiarly Baltimore's own—that Wallis Warfield must have learned.

It is the story of a charming girl, beautiful and spirited, born in the city of sedate red-brick houses and snow-white doorsteps one hundred and fifty years ago. Betsy Patterson—the belle of a Society the like of which has not flourished since. Betsy Patterson who, at eighteen, had suitors from north and south, east and west, who was known for her sparkling wit and her cleverness as well as her physical loveliness.

Beautiful Betsy Patterson, who fell in love with a Prince——

He was Captain Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first Consul of France. Handsome and dashing and debonair, he came to America in 1803 and, in September, arrived in Baltimore in time for the races. (Then, as today, a Maryland tradition.)

It was Samuel Chase, another signer of the Declaration of Independence, who introduced them, and, for both, from that moment of first meeting the rest was inevitable. Soon Betsy Patterson and Captain Bonaparte were engaged. Betsy's father, the doughty William Patterson, stormed. He sent his daughter away to forget—but she only remembered the more, and swore she "would rather be Jerome's wife for an hour than the wife of another for eternity".

William Patterson continued to forbid the marriage—but Betsy had a way with her. At last, though still grudgingly, he succumbed to her persuasion. The

ceremony took place on Christmas Eve, and never was there a happier young couple.

Their gaiety, as historians have recorded, was "dancing over a volcano". Napoleon heard the news, and was in a rage. Finally the verdict came. Captain Jerome Bonaparte was to return to France at once with these added instructions :

"What the First Consul has prescribed, in the most positive manner, is that all captains of French vessels be prohibited from receiving on board the young person to whom the Citizen Jerome has connected himself, it being his intention that she shall, by no means, come to France, and it is his order that, should she arrive, she shall not be suffered to land, but be sent back to the United States."

Heart-sick, Jerome and Betsy decided to obey the edict. They sailed from Philadelphia, with an aunt as chaperone. But ill luck was soon upon them. First, the ship was wrecked off the Delaware coast and they were obliged to delay their voyage.

In 1804 Napoleon Bonaparte was made Emperor, and letters to his brother grew more violent in their denouncements. Why had Captain Bonaparte not obeyed his Emperor's orders ?

At last the young couple reached Lisbon, where a French guard prevented her landing. Jerome, vowing undying love, set off for Paris to win permission from his brother for Betsy to enter France.

Betsy Patterson Bonaparte never saw her husband again.

Forbidden to step on French soil, she went to England, and at Camberwell, near London, her son

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was born. She christened him Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. Bitter and humiliating months passed, with scant word from Jerome. Alone, in a strange country, the young mother showed a staunch and courageous nature to be marvelled at.

But the blow was to fall.

Napoleon tried to force the Pope to annul the marriage of Betsy and Jerome; the Pope refused. Napoleon thereupon ordered French courts to declare the marriage null and void. They did—and weak, fickle Jerome went through a second marriage, dictated by his brother.

Betsy returned to Baltimore, to live there until old age—a figure of mystery, tragedy, and romance.

That is the story that Wallis Warfield, as every other Baltimore school-child, must have learned. It is a story to be recalled for its similarity—in part, at least—with events of the times. But today there are differences, as well as similarities. Jerome Bonaparte has written his name in history as a weakling, as one to accept, with servility, the dictates of others, as a prince who was without royalty and who broke faith with his love.

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Wallis Warfield spent two summers at Miss Charlotte Noland's Camp for Girls, at her home, Burland, near Middleburg, Virginia—the estate which today is owned by William Ziegler.

It was several years later that Miss Noland established Foxcroft, which today is so outstanding among fashionable and exclusive schools for girls in America.

The camp which Wallis Warfield and about twenty other girls, almost all from Baltimore, attended, was in no sense a school. It was designed for recreation,

wholesome and out-of-doors—a place so delightful that, invariably, young charges, obliged to return home, wept.

At Miss Noland's there was horseback-riding and swimming and games, picnics and parties. There were small, rustic cottages, and—for "old girls" who had been there before—the "tepee", a tent, to live in which was the absolute summit of ambition of every girl at Burland.

There was, too, "The Flying Yankee"—an old eighteenth-century coach of amazing size and elegance into which twenty-one girls could—and did—crowd, all in their best, beruffled summer frocks and flower-decked straw hats, as, with Miss Noland, they set off to attend garden parties in the neighbourhood.

Oh yes, summers at Burland were, indeed, to be remembered!

The name "The Flying Yankee" was painted on the sides of the coach. There was another vehicle, unnamed and much less impressive, to ride in which was even more of a treat to Wallis Warfield and her particular circle of friends.

This was a carriage, owned by the parents of a young man named Lloyd Tabb. He was Wallis's first beau—a lad about seventeen years old, whose parents' home was named "Glenora". Here Wallis and her friends often were invited to play tennis and attend Sunday-evening suppers. "Glenora" impressed the girls particularly, because, among other decorations in the living-room, there was an altogether lifelike stuffed owl.

Lloyd's guests invariably paused to pay their respects to his grandmother, arrayed in a ruffled white tea-gown trimmed with lavender ribbons, as she enjoyed the afternoon from her comfortable chair on the lawn.

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The equipage which transported the girls to and from "Glenora" was drawn by a horse with the somewhat strange name of "Almo Dobbin Spec Creature". There was a song about this animal which the young campers used to sing. It was an original composition, and it went like this :

Almo, sweet Almo, where have you been ?
What is your home, dear ? What is your 'phone, dear ?
Your number please give.
A wedding ring is the only ring that Almo can hear.

Fragments of another melody, sung in those bygone days, are recalled today. It is a song which was part of an amateur variety show which the girls at Burland presented. All—or almost all—of Middleburg attended the performance, which was given in the town hall. It was a rather hastily rehearsed programme, representing the respective talents of twenty girls ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years.

The number in which Wallis Warfield took part was a sort of tableau. One girl, dressed as a dapper young man, appeared on the stage and sang a song called, "Dear, Delightful Women". When the chorus was reached the "dear, delightful women" appeared, one by one, as they were named in the song :

Dear, delightful women, how I simply love them all.
If they're bad, if they're bold,
If they're coy, if they're cold . . .

So the words went—the "bad", the "bold", the "coy" and the "cold" stepping out from the wings in turn. One of these ravishing creatures (there appears to be no record which one) was Wallis Warfield, attired, like the others, in borrowed evening gowns,

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too large, no doubt, but very fine to fourteen-year-old eyes.

Middleburg liked the show, too, and applauded. Afterwards there was dancing, and the evening ended (rather early) as a distinct success.

Other events at Burland still remembered are the times the girls, invited to a garden party in Middleburg, were obliged to walk a mile to their destination; the times they went coon-hunting and gigging for frogs; the time, on their way to go swimming, they crossed a cornfield and killed a black snake; "hobble-skirt races" (hobble skirts were in vogue then), when they tied hair-ribbons about their pleated skirts and raced for a goal.

Burland—yes, Burland indeed, where from morning until night the hours were crowded and carefree—where days were all sunlight and blue skies, and life itself as dreamlike and guileless as the trail of a velvet-winged butterfly through tall, nodding poppies.

But summers at Burland, alas—as elsewhere—came to an end. In September there was Oldfields again, where the rising-bell rang, unfailingly, at 7 a.m., and from then on until "lights out", hours of the day were apportioned in a schedule far different from the easy routine at camp.

There were no beaux, no "date nights", at Oldfields. Visits from brothers, even, had to be arranged with some care.

Students were allowed two week-ends in town yearly, providing they made a certain average in scholarship.

If any student received a letter from a young man, she was instructed to take it to Miss Nan.

Students were required to make their own beds (a task which Wallis Warfield loathed).

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For going out on a wet day without rubbers the penalty was to learn a specified number of lines of poetry.

These were a few of the rules.

Religious education was given its full share of attention. Each day, upon rising, five minutes were set apart for silent prayer. At the breakfast-table, Miss Nan said grace. On Sundays, immediately after breakfast, the girls memorized the Collect and Gospel for the day. Then, walking two by two, attended by members of the faculty, they attended church.

Sunday dinner was served on their return from church. Afterwards, one at a time, the girls appeared before Miss Nan to recite the Collect and Gospel, learned in the morning. Evensong, at 5.30 in the little stone chapel on the hill, was not obligatory, but everyone attended hymns after supper. "Hymns" was generally considered the most enjoyable part of the day, when each girl might suggest favourite religious songs, and the whole group sang them.

During Lent, in particular, religious observances were marked. At 6.30 in the morning many a girl rose and, mid ice and snow, climbed the hill to the stone chapel to make devotions before breakfast. Each student, of course, made some Lenten sacrifice—usually of food, which to a school-girl is a sacrifice indeed.

But there was fun, too. Coasting in the winter . . . visiting in the pleasant intimacy of the dormitory after study hours . . . boxes from home . . . school plays . . . school parties . . . basket-ball. . .

There was a Sunday when nine girls from Oldfields—including Wallis Warfield—accompanied by a teacher, set off for a walk. They passed a deserted old house with some of its windows broken. The

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temptation of those windows was too much! Someone picked up a stone and let it fly. A moment later, nine young ladies—far from sedate—were hurling missiles through the air. Their aim was excellent. Before the excitement ended, amid resounding sounds of smashing glass, seventeen more windows showed gaping holes.

The nine had “had their fling”, literally, and without delay were to learn that, for such, there is a price.

For two weeks they were not allowed to join the other girls after study hours—easily the best part of the day. The guilty nine, instead, sat in a class-room, listening while an instructor read aloud to them. The first evening when, at the end of the hour’s reading, the girls rose to go, they said good night politely and spoke about how interesting the book had been.

“Really?” exclaimed the instructor. “I’m surprised, because I picked the dullest one I could find!”

Nevertheless, the reading continued for two weeks. The punishment—well calculated—for the spirited young culprits was to be boredom.

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Nothing could be a lovelier sight than May Day at Oldfields. It was the climax of the year, in those days assuming the importance which today attaches to Commencement.

The countryside on May Day was newly green. The dogwood was in bloom and the carpet-like lawn, sloping down to the little wooded dell at the foot of the hill, provided a natural amphitheatre for the truly beautiful ceremony.

The entire student body took part. The May

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Queen, elected by popular vote and amid much excitement, had chosen her court of attendants. Parents and relatives and friends and alumnæ had arrived. The school was in a froth of last-minute bustle and anxiety and activity.

Then—suddenly—from open windows, from the top of the hill, came girlish voices, lifted high in the May Song; slowly winding its way down the hillside came the procession. First the May Queen, in gleaming white, looking proud and young and lovely. Then her attendants, two by two. Lastly, the rest of the students, each wearing white, each carrying flowers to be presented to the Queen.

“Flowers of tender hue
We pick, dear Queen,
This day for you . . .”

Young voices chanted the song, placing the flowers before the Queen. Young faces, young hearts, a young world. It was all stirring and beautiful and a little exciting. Seventeen-year-old Wallis Warfield, taking part in this pageantry, must have felt its spell. She must have felt, too, vague regrets over saying good-bye—for youth's regrets usually are vague.

Wallis was not returning to Oldfields next autumn. It was a good-bye—to childhood.

CHAPTER IV

DÉBUTANTE DAYS

THE headlines were alarming—inch-high, in black type: "Russians Attack Breslau Forts while Frenchmen Aim at Freeburg"; "Allies Begin a Forward Movement—Big Guns firing along Whole Front"; "Germans on New Battle Line in Poland—Reinforcements from West—A New German Army Moves on Piolrkow . . ."

Of course, everyone said there wasn't a chance for the United States to become involved in the war, frightful as it was. The United States had troubles enough at home, without borrowing more in Europe. There was widespread sympathy for devastated Belgium, and Red Cross drives were in progress. Food and clothing and hospital supplies were being packed and loaded on ships. Women made bandages and signed petitions and contributed to relief funds.

There was talk of "Preparedness" by those who thought that national defences were adequate and those who thought they were not . . . President Wilson discussed with Ambassador Herrick plans to aid destitute non-combatants . . . Ex-president Theodore Roosevelt wrote to the *New York Times* about conditions in Mexico, where General Villa's followers had sent President Carranza fleeing . . . Assistant Secretary of Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, made an address before the National Civic Federation . . . From Washington, D.C., came news that: "The navy has completed its new wireless chain.

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Eventually Washington will be able to reach its warships anywhere in the world."

Three thousand miles away from all this, across the black Atlantic, a boyish-looking young English officer was seeing action at the front for the first time. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, first lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, was reported by news services to be "looking fit in spite of the enormous amount of work he manages to cram into the hours from daybreak until sometimes almost daybreak. One of his favourite habits is to vanish, to be discovered, several hours later, interrogating wounded men in out-of-the-way corners". The Prince wrote letters to his mother, Queen Mary, that were opened and passed by official censors, as those of any other British soldier. The Prince went about his duties as any young lieutenant. He was seeing war for the first time, as all Europe, in December 1914, was seeing war.

And, in the United States :

The Colorado mine strike was being investigated . . . Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle's dancing was thrilling Broadway audiences, and a new play, *The Miracle Man*, by George M. Cohan, had opened . . . Women suffragists paraded in New York and Chicago . . . Eddie Pullen won a motor-car race at Corona, California, over a 300.3-mile course, setting a new world mark for road-racing—87.4 miles an hour . . . High-laced shoes with cloth tops were a new feminine fashion . . . Newspapers printed lessons in auction bridge. . . .

There was a new book out that autumn, a novel called *His Royal Happiness*, written by Mrs. Everard Cotes. The book was advertised as "a timely and startling international romance, relating the dramatic

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complications which arise when a Prince of England happens to fall in love with the daughter of the President of the United States". Reviewers called the volume "a charming love-story" with "a daring theme".

Did Wallis Warfield, spending her first year out of school-days, read that book? Probably not. There were so many, many other things for a girl about to come out in Society to think about, so many other things to do besides reading books. Shopping and luncheons and matinées. Talking over the party of the night before, talking over the one to come. Telephone-calls and flowers arriving, and invitations.

Miss Warfield was one of forty-nine débutantes to be formally presented that year at the first Monday german (party) of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club, on December 7.

For a girl reared in Baltimore, social débuts are made invariably at the Bachelors' Cotillion. It is a tradition to be compared only with that of the Saint Cecilia Society in Charleston, South Carolina. In Charleston, as in Baltimore, each season's "buds" make their bows together, at one gala ball. It is, for eighteen-year-olds, the night of nights—to be tremblingly anticipated, treasured in memory.

But in December 1914, battlefields, even three thousand miles away, had cast their gloom over Baltimore, as over other American cities. Earlier in the autumn a Baltimore Society editor had written :

"Entertainments to be given this season for and by débutantes are likely to be marked by a simplicity not known in Baltimore for a generation or more. Thirty-four of the 'buds' who will make

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their bows this year have signed an agreement, ensuring an absence of rivalry in elegance in respective social functions, and pledging the signers and their families to refrain from extravagance in entertaining."

Wallis Warfield was among the thirty-four who signed this pledge. Later her uncle, S. Davies Warfield, president of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, busy with relief work and charitable organizations, stated that "the report that he will give a large ball for his débutante niece, Miss Wallis Warfield, is without foundation, in that he does not consider the present a proper time for such festivities, when thousands are being slaughtered in Europe".

But "Uncle Sol" Warfield was ever ready to escort his niece and her friends where they wished to go. To the eighteen-year-olds it was quite an occasion to ride in state in S. Davies Warfield's big limousine, driven by a chauffeur, to be seen with the distinguished-looking older man.

Wallis and her friends frequently drove in another impressive motor-car. It belonged to young Carter G. Osburn—or, rather, to his father. Today Osburn is a motor-car salesman at Cockeysville, Maryland. He was one of the young men with whom Wallis played tennis and golf and danced at the Country Club during the summer of 1914. He was—and today admits it—badly smitten.

Some of the events listed in Wallis Warfield's engagement-book that autumn were :

November 5:—Football dance at the Catonsville Country Club.

November 6:—Luncheon at the Stafford Hotel,

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given by Mrs. William R. Eareckson for her débutante daughter, Miss Augusta Eareckson.

November 13 :—Oyster roast given by Albert Graham Ober for his débutante niece, Rebecca Ober, at his country place in the Green Spring Valley at 1 p.m. The evening of the same day, the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Beacham for their daughter, Priscilla Beacham, at Lehmann Hall, at which Wallis Warfield assisted in receiving the guests.

November 17 :—Luncheon at the Baltimore Country Club for Miss Carolyn H. McCoy, given by her mother, Mrs. Kent McCoy.

November 19 :—Luncheon at the Baltimore Country Club given by Mrs. Henry C. Kirk, Junr., for her daughter, Miss Mary Kirk.

November 25 :—Luncheon given by Mrs. Edwin H. Truist at her home on N. Calvert Street, for her débutante grand-daughter, Miss Rena Alverda Sawyer.

November 28 :—Trip to Philadelphia with Miss Priscilla Beacham to spend the week-end with friends and attend a football game.

December 2 :—Luncheon given for Miss Eleanor Cole Bosley by her mother, Mrs. John C. Bosley, at the Baltimore Country Club.

December 3 :—Luncheon given by Mrs. Hugh Lennox Bond at her home for her débutante daughter, Jessie Van Rensselaer Bond.

December 7 :—The Bachelors' Cotillion.

Baltimore's Lyric Theatre that night had been transformed, according to a newspaper report, into "a bower of beauty where light and colour mingled

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to form an almost tropical atmosphere of warmth and fullness of life". The floor of the theatre had been cleared of seats. Surrounding the large hall were the boxes, with nets draped beneath them in which the débutantes' flowers—bouquet on bouquet—created the effect of a continuous garland. The stage had been transformed into a garden-like supper-room, reached from the dance-floor by satin pillows, serving as steps.

There is a story, told by Baltimoreans, about these pillows. It is said that, in days before the Civil War, the proud Marylanders, refusing to surrender to the poverty that was a common lot, contrived to maintain their social traditions. Spending money on anything so extravagant as decorations for the Bachelors' Cotillion, however, was out of the question. So Baltimore matrons ripped up their ball-gowns—worn to shabbiness—and made them into cushions to give elegance to the scene of their daughters' presentation to Society. Ever since those days there have been silken cushions for the slippered feet of dancers at the Cotillions.

But back to the night of December 7, 1914.

Wallis Warfield arrived at the Cotillion with her mother's cousin, Mrs. George Barnett, of Washington, as chaperone and with two partners—Major-General George Barnett, U.S. Marine Corps, and her cousin, Henry M. Warfield, Junr. Wallis wore a gown of white satin combined with chiffon and trimmings of pearls. The chiffon veiled the shoulders, and fell in a knee-length tunic, banded in pearl embroidery—a style similar to the gowns in which Mrs. Vernon Castle danced so gracefully. Her flowers were American Beauty roses. Mrs. Barnett, her chaperone, wore a gown of cloth of gold with touches of turquoise and diamonds.

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Forty-nine débutantes waiting for the exciting moment to arrive. Forty-nine young girls, each wearing a new dress and carrying flowers, trying to look serene and calm, aware that the event was the most important, to date, of their brief lives.

The band struck up the first number. Partners turned to partners. The Cotillion was on!

News columns next morning reported that :

"The first Monday german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club was held at the Lyric last night, and, despite the shadows which gathered over Society when the war began, the great opening event of the season was one of charm and happiness and, of course, of beauty."

To older men and women, doubtless, it was just another Cotillion. To forty-nine débutantes, bright-eyed, hearts singing, smiling at partners as they danced, it was the threshold of a new world—a world that surely would match the Cotillion itself in glamour and colour and excitement.

Three days later Wallis Warfield assisted in receiving at "one of the largest receptions of the season". She saw the Princeton Triangle Club's performance at Albaugh's Lyceum the night of December 24. The play was *Fie! Fie! Fi-Fi*, a decided hit. Critics wrote of it: "Much of the entertainment was due to the clever lyrics of F. Scott Fitzgerald, who has written some excellent 'patter songs'."

Christmas night, December 25, the second party was held at the Lyric. The débutantes and their

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partners, their parents and their parents' friends, danced that night to this musical programme :

One-step, "I Want to Go Back to Michigan"; Waltz, "Flora"; One-step, "Tsin-Tsin"; One-step, "Land of My Best Girl"; The German waltz, "Heart O'Mine"; Foxtrot, "Reuben"; Waltz, "The Skaters"; One-step, "When It's Night Time in Burgundy"; Waltz, "Please"; Foxtrot, "Old Folks' Rag"; One-step, "When You Wore a Tulip"; Waltz, "Millicent".

There were other Cotillions—January 18, February 1, and February 15. There were other parties and dinners and luncheons and receptions. Invariably, where the younger set gathered, Wallis Warfield was noticed for her style and distinction. One of her evening gowns, remembered today, was made with a bodice of cloth of gold, figured with little flowers and a full skirt of crêpe de Chine in a shade called "sunset colour". Wallis was wearing her hair in a new way that season, waved softly at the sides, with a French roll from the forehead to the crown of the head and coiled in a knot at the back.

She had plenty of admirers. Tony Biddle, of Philadelphia, was one. He came to Baltimore with Reggie Hutchinson and a number of other Philadelphia youths to attend a birthday party. The boys had to return to classes at Yale in a few days, and when they left there were sad good-byes.

Later—in the spring—there was a Campus Club house party at Princeton, where a number of Baltimore young men were students: De Coursey Orrick, Bryan and Bill Dancy; Tom Hilliard; Charles Kock; Bill McAdoo, whose father was Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's cabinet. Duly

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chaperoned, the girls went to dance at the Colonial Club and to the Ivy for tea.

The spring and the summer slipped by. August and then September, and a new social season. . . .

But not for Wallis Warfield. Her grandmother, Mrs. Henry Mactier Warfield, had died, and Wallis, in mourning, did not accept invitations. She and her mother were living in an apartment at Earl Court. Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman came to spend part of the winter with them.

Wallis did not attend the Bachelors' Cotillions in 1915. In the winter, though, she went to visit her cousin, Mrs. Henry Mustin, at Pensacola, Florida. Lieutenant Henry Mustin was an instructor in the naval aviation school there. Pensacola was a place of excitement and activity; of gorgeous sunshine and the blue, blue ocean; of young men in uniforms who risked their lives recklessly, sky-rocketing through the air; of war talk and whispered rumours; and official teas and dances.

And there Wallis Warfield met Lieutenant E. Winfield Spencer, Junr.

CHAPTER V

ROMANCE AND MARRIAGE

THE room was a hum of voices—low-pitched, even, with now and then a feminine exclamation—rushing, staccato—and a rumble of laughter. Tall young men in uniform, and others in civilian clothes, talking to women whose bright-hued gowns made splashes of brilliant colour. Older men, handsome, with snow-white hair and the gold braid of authority. Older women in little groups, nodding, smiling.

The musicians lingered over their instruments, but soon they would be playing again. It was an orchestra that played foxtrots with a verve, though so many of the older dancers thought the foxtrot undignified and the new tunes even worse. But then many things were changing these days. . . .

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She stood near a window—a slender, graceful girl wearing a pale-blue gown. She was talking to two young men in uniform, and her eyes, bluer than the dress she wore, shone starlike as she turned, smiling up at the taller young man beside her. She held a pink rose, nodding on a slender stem, in her hand.

The young man in the doorway halted. He was dressed in the uniform of a naval lieutenant, on his shoulders the insignia of the Air Corps. There was dash to the set of those shoulders, jauntiness of an

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indefinable sort in the way he stood. He was a tall young man, compactly built and handsome. He had dark eyes and hair and a small moustache.

"Who," asked the lieutenant, touching the arm of his companion, "is the girl in the blue dress?"

The other turned. "You mean over there by the window? Oh, that's Miss Warfield. From Baltimore, I believe. She's a friend of Lieutenant Mustin's wife—or maybe a relative. They say she's as clever as she is good-looking. Look, over there's that chap from Boston I was telling you about who wants to meet you. Shall we go over and—why—well, I'll be——!"

There was no use saying more, for the lieutenant was no longer beside him. He was half-way across the room, making his way towards the girl in blue.

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Lieutenant Earl Winfield Spencer, Junr., looked down at the girl with whom he was dancing.

"So you've never been in Florida before, Miss Warfield," he said. "How do you think you're going to like it?"

"I do like it—very much. I think it's lovely here."

"Yes, Florida sunshine's the real thing, isn't it? Great, when you're accustomed to the sort of winters we have in Chicago."

"Is Chicago your home?"

"Well, it has been. Highland Park is where my family live—that is my father and mother. But I've drifted around a good deal. Never know, in the navy, where you'll be tomorrow. I'm glad, though, that you like Florida. Are you going to be here for a while?"

"Oh, a few weeks."

"That's good news. Pensacola's quite a place—

interesting really. I hope you'll let me show you about. Have you seen the aviation school yet?"

"Yes. It's fascinating! Lieutenant Mustin took us the day after I arrived."

"Lieutenant Mustin is a good friend of mine; fine fellow."

"Yes, isn't he! His wife is my cousin. I'm visiting them."

"Then would you think it impertinent of me to ask if the four of us could have dinner together—say, tomorrow night?"

The girl looked up, smiling. "I wouldn't think it impertinent of you at all, Lieutenant Spencer," she said. "But I have an engagement for tomorrow evening. I'm sorry."

"Then how about the next night?"

"I'm not sure whether Corinne has something planned or not. You might telephone——"

"I will. I'll telephone the first thing in the morning."

"Oh, but not too early, please!"

"What time, then? At nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven? I want to know when I'm going to see you again. I'm afraid I'm going to be impatient about that. There are a lot of things I'd like to talk to you about. A lot of things——"

Abruptly—on a shrill note—the music ended. Lieutenant Spencer's words were lost as another girl greeted his partner. In a moment she was the centre of a group. Someone spoke, and Wallis Warfield made a quick retort. There was laughter, and the group widened as another officer joined them.

"My dance next, Wallis," he announced. "I hope you haven't forgotten. I've asked Harry to play that Victor Herbert waltz you like so much. . . ."

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Blue sky and white clouds floating lazily overhead. Yellow sunshine that dripped over the Florida landscape as though it had been painted. A level expanse of shore and, beyond, the blue, blue water. Back near the hangars, an aeroplane-propeller whizzing, and half a dozen mechanics at work. Gleaming white hydroplanes, bobbing on the surface of the water.

The two young women and their uniformed escort saw none of these. Far, far above, like a winged insect, an aeroplane was circling. Higher and higher, it dipped and twisted and turned. Smaller and smaller, as though determined to efface itself completely.

"Look—oh, Corinne!"

The exclamation was short and sharp. The 'plane, somersaulting, seemed to catapult direct to earth. But now it was circling again, widening its arc, soaring smoothly.

"You see," Lieutenant Mustin explained to the young women beside him, "it may look dangerous to you, but it isn't really. People aren't used to the idea of flying, that's all. Why, Win's safer up there than he would be trying to cross a city street. That's one thing the war has done—and is doing. It's taught the world how important the airplane is—and how much more important it's going to be in the future. Some day everyone will be flying——"

The older of the two women interrupted. "He's coming down," she said. "And I'm glad! Henry, I don't think I want to see any more of this stunting, no matter how safe you say it is. I think Wallis and I will go home now. You can bring Lieutenant Spencer with you later."

There came a day when Wallis Warfield's visit to Pensacola came to an end. It had been a pleasant

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visit—an introduction to a new sort of life. There was the excitement and electric quality in the air that attaches itself to a navy or army post. There were the young men who rashly risked their lives, and made sport of it. The parties. The good times. And farewells. . . .

Wallis had made many friends at Pensacola. Lieutenant Mustin was one of the most popular instructors at the aviation school. His wife was the younger sister of Mrs. George Barnett of Washington—Wallis's chaperone the night of her début. And Corinne Mustin knew her young cousin well enough to guess why Wallis's colour came so quickly those days, why her eyes seemed unusually bright, why she listened with quick interest for certain telephone-calls and was indifferent to others.

Wallis had met many young officers at Pensacola. She had laughed and danced with them and accepted some of their invitations. But most often she accepted those of Lieutenant "Win" Spencer.

The day of farewell arrived at last. Wallis Warfield returned to her home in Baltimore. And letters followed swiftly.

There were letters postmarked "Pensacola, Florida" and addressed in a bold, masculine hand. Wallis wrote letters, too. She seemed less interested in the young Baltimoreans who had been her escorts before. She was usually at home when the postman arrived, or, if she were not, was likely to telephone to know if anything had come addressed to her.

Romance? Infatuation? Love?

Nineteen-year-old Wallis Warfield did not know the difference; doubtless was scarcely aware that there was a difference. But handsome Lieutenant Spencer remained in her thoughts.

ROMANCE AND MARRIAGE

He came to Washington that summer while Wallis was visiting the Barnetts. The two were noticed together as an unusually attractive-looking couple—the dashing, debonair lieutenant and the smartly turned-out, vivacious débutante.

Lieutenant Spencer's leave ended and he returned to Pensacola. On September 19 Mrs. John Freeman Raisin announced the engagement of her daughter, Wallis, to the Lieutenant. Baltimore newspapers reported the event thus :

An engagement just announced of unusual interest to Society in Maryland, as well as in Virginia, is that of Miss Wallis Warfield, daughter of Mrs. John Freeman Raisin and the late Teackle Wallis Warfield, to Lieutenant E. Winfield Spencer, Junr., U.S.N., of the Aviation Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Winfield Spencer, of Highland Park, Chicago.

The wedding will be one of the important events of November, and will take place in the early part of the month.

Miss Warfield has been one of the most popular girls in Society since she made her début two seasons ago, and has been much entertained both here and in Washington, where she has frequently visited her aunt, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman. Miss Warfield, whose mother was before her marriage Miss Alice Montague, is related to distinguished Maryland and Virginia families. She is a grand-daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Warfield and niece of Mr. S. Davies Warfield of Baltimore.

Lieutenant Spencer is a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, and is now stationed at Pensacola, Florida, where he is one of the instructors in aviation.

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A few days later the date of the wedding was announced, November 8.

Such a short time and so much to crowd into it. Wallis and her mother planned the trousseau, shopped together, discussed the wedding arrangements. There were fittings at the dressmaker's for the bride and the six girls who were to be her bridesmaids. And there were friends who wanted to give parties and friends who sent wedding presents. And the telephone rang, and the postman brought letters, and there were simply not enough hours in the daily cycle of twenty-four to do one-half of the things that should be done.

Presently the parties, honouring the bride-to-be, began.

Emily McLane Merryman gave a luncheon at "Gerar", her home near Cockeysville. Mrs. Aubrey Edmunds King gave another at the Baltimore Country Club. Mrs. Barnett and her daughter, Miss Leila Gordon, gave a tea-dance at their home in Washington. Mrs. Henry C. Kirk, Junr., and her daughter, Miss Mary Kirk, gave a tea at the Baltimore Country Club. Lieutenant Spencer was host at a dinner at the Hotel Belvidere.

The ceremony took place at Christ Protestant Episcopal Church at 6.30 in the evening.

Tall white tapers burned before the altar, banked with annunciation lilies. Candles and white chrysanthemums decorated the church. Then, to the strains of organ music, the bridal procession moved down the aisle.

First the bridesmaids, in gowns of orchid-coloured faille and blue velvet, carrying yellow snapdragons and wearing blue velvet hats. They were: Miss Leila Gordon and Miss Mary Graham, of Washington; Miss Ethel Spencer, sister of the bridegroom, of

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Chicago ; Miss Emily McLane Merryman, Miss Mary Kirk, and Miss Mercer Taliaferro.

Then the matron of honour, Mrs. William B. Sturgis, of New York, the former Miss Ellen Yuille, of Baltimore, wearing a costume of Lucille blue with touches of silver and a blue satin hat with an orchid plume.

Then, on the arm of her uncle, S. Davies Warfield, came Wallis Warfield. She wore a gown of white panne velvet, embroidered with pearls, and about her dark hair was a coronet of orange blossoms, from which fell a tulle veil. She carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Lieutenant Spencer, in full-dress uniform, stood beside his best man, his brother, Dumaesque Spencer. The ushers, also in full-dress naval uniforms, were : Lieutenant Godfrey de Courcelles Chevalier ; Lieutenant Harold Perry Bartlett ; Lieutenant George Martin Cook ; Lieutenant John Homer Holt ; Lieutenant De Witt Clinton Ramsey ; and Kenneth Whiting.

The ceremony was read by the Rev. Edwin Barnes Niver. "Do you, Earl Winfield Spencer, take this woman to your lawful wedded wife . . . ? Do you, Bessie Wallis Warfield, take this man to your lawful wedded husband . . . ?"

And so they were married.

CHAPTER VI

WAR TIMES IN FLORIDA AND CALIFORNIA

. . . SEPARATION

MRS. EARL WINFIELD SPENCER looked out over the bright strip of lawn, at the deep pink of the oleander blossoms across the way. A group of youngsters, bareheaded and in light-coloured clothing, were romping in the next yard. Florida in January. Young Mrs. Spencer couldn't accept it—the vivid greenness and the flowers and the sky that was like that of midsummer—as casually as everyone else seemed to. The letter in her hand said that the week before, in Baltimore, there had been snow.

The letter was from Mercer Taliaferro, one of the bridesmaids at the Spencers' wedding. Miss Taliaferro was coming to Florida for a visit. She was one of the girls Wallis Spencer had known since childhood. It would be grand, having her here in Pensacola. . . .

Lieutenant Spencer and his bride had come to Pensacola at the end of their honeymoon, spent at White Sulphur Springs. Lieutenant Spencer had to be back at his duties in the aviation school. Wallis was eager, too, to return to Florida. She had memories of Pensacola, as it had been the year before.

At first it had seemed the same. Parties, dinners, a gay crowd dropping in informally . . . new officers and their wives arriving . . . others going to far-away places . . . more dances with young men in uniform, and more pretty girls.

And yet there was a difference. It was apparent at dinner-tables, in the shops, in small groups and large ones—everywhere one went. The war in Europe was drawing closer. Men and women who had shaken their heads complacently, sure that the horrors across the Atlantic could never touch their own homes, were now asking, "How long will it be? How long before America goes in?"

The talk was not of "preparedness", but "armed neutrality". Ex-President Taft, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, and Ambassador Gerard made speeches. Rear-Admiral Perry, addressing the convention of the National Security League, urged the need of a big air-fleet to combat submarine warfare. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt endorsed a national military census. Congress was wrangling over army and navy appropriation bills. Nine States and the District of Columbia mobilized National Guards Units. The *Lusitania* disaster—the German submarine blockade—"atrocities"—these were the phrases heard on every side.

At Pensacola, Lieutenant "Win" Spencer and his friends talked of the French war ace, Lieutenant Guynemer, and of the German, Lieutenant von Richthofen, who seemed to be equal in the number of enemy 'planes each had brought down—numbers that were incredible. They talked, too, of the Lafayette Escadrille, American fliers serving with the French forces, and called them "lucky" to be seeing such action. And there was the rumour that in England plans were under way to build 100 aeroplanes capable of flying continuously for ten hours. There was a report that a new "giant aeroplane" made in England had flown to a height of 7000 feet, carrying 20 passengers.

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America was awaking to the importance of the air. Rodman Wanamaker offered to supply funds to build an armed cruiser for the defence of New York City. An organization of patriotic women bought a Kite Balloon at the Pan-American Aeronautic Exposition and presented it to the army. Ruth Law won a trophy for record time in a flight from New York to Chicago. Ruth Law was recruiting aviators to join the army. A special commission reported to Congress on navy yards and navy stations, recommending the establishment of six aviation bases on the Pacific coast.

It was all disturbing, alarming, particularly to a girl who, only a few months before, had stood beside a young man in uniform and made her bridal vows. At parties the talk was gay and the laughter bright, but it was a gaiety, a brightness, that masked something deeper.

How soon now? How soon before it came? Everyone asked the question.

Lieutenant Spencer and the other officers in the aviation school worked longer hours. It was a serious business, this getting ready for war. Rush orders came from Washington. The government needed aviators. The government needed more 'planes, too—of new design. 'Planes that could fly longer and carry heavier guns and shoot with more deadly aim.

The Military Training Camp Association sent a telegram to Secretary Newton D. Baker, offering the services of men trained at Plattsburg and other camps to the nation "in the crisis". Mass meetings were held in Philadelphia and Boston and Chicago and Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and Norfolk, Virginia. "Pilgrims of Patriotism" set out for a giant demonstration in Washington.

And on April 6, at his desk in the White House,

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President Wilson wrote his name across an official document.

It was war.

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Lieutenant and Mrs. E. Winfield Spencer decided, immediately upon arriving at San Diego, California, that they were going to like it. They did. Mrs. Spencer liked the little flat she found, and Lieutenant Spencer, impatient over delay at getting into service in France, knew that here in California he was doing a job that was more important.

The United States faced a shocking lack of aviators to fly the 'planes that were being built. Recruits poured into army and navy camps in every State. Flags were flying, bands playing, men marching. But they were untrained men, the raw stuff of which armed forces are made.

Lieutenant Spencer had no time now for parties or dancing or bridge-playing. Everything was feverish rush and excitement and haste in the air corps. Everything to be done at once. So few to do it.

Wallis Spencer, left to herself, made friends—as she has always, wherever she has been. Rear-Admiral Fullam was stationed at San Diego, and his daughters, Miss Rhoda Fullam and Mrs. Austin Sands, met young Mrs. Spencer. They found that in Washington they had mutual friends. Soon the three were together frequently, almost inseparable.

Years later, when Wallis Spencer had put California behind her for ever, she paid tribute to that land of sunshine and orange-groves and florid beauty. Holding up a pin which contained a large diamond, she said to a friend :

“Look—I have this. Some day, when I just can't

WAR TIMES IN FLORIDA AND CALIFORNIA—SEPARATION stand it to be away any longer, I'll sell it and go to California."

From San Diego, Wallis Spencer wrote to friends in Baltimore about the glorious California climate, about the new friends she had made, the places to which she had gone and was going. Other things she left unsaid. She has never been one to air domestic affairs, but the truth is that things were not going well with the Spencers.

There were differences—frequently. There were scenes, which, doubtless, today neither of the principals wishes to recall. Gradually, though, each came to realize the truth. It had been a marriage that was youthful, impetuous, based on short acquaintance instead of deep-seated devotion. There had been the dazzle of romantic surroundings. There had been the excitement of pre-war days. And it had been a mistake.

The realization came slowly, painfully. They knew it before the war days came to an end. They knew it before that insane, exultant Armistice Day of November 11, 1918, when all America danced in the streets and screamed joyously and caught strangers in their arms and hurled ticker tape and found none of these things sufficient to express its transcendent joy.

Peace, and the war over, and the boys coming home from France! Peace for America—peace for the World!

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When Lieutenant Spencer was ordered to Washington, D.C., he and his wife both thought that the change might, perhaps, mean a new start. Wallis was anxious to see her mother again, her aunts and cousins in Washington. Perhaps there she and "Win"



BRIDESMAID (BEHIND BRIDE) AT THE WEDDING OF MISS RHODA
FULHAM AND RAYMOND WELCH IN CALIFORNIA IN 1920

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would find some of the happiness together that they had known during his visit the summer before their marriage. Perhaps they could leave the past behind.

They said farewell to California and arrived in Washington. Later it was Lieutenant Spencer who departed, alone. He was ordered to sail for Shanghai. Wallis remained in Washington, and their farewell had the solemnity with which men and women face important decisions in their lives. It was, each believed, a farewell that was to be permanent.

Presently, as the days passed, Wallis Spencer began to pick up the threads of her life before her marriage. Her mother was living at Chevy Chase, Maryland, where she was hostess and manager of the Chevy Chase Club. Wallis saw her aunt, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, frequently, and visited the Barnetts at their country estate, "Wakefield Manor".

Rhoda Fullam and her sister, Marianna Sands, were back in Washington, and at their home Wallis Spencer's circle of friends was considerably widened. She met the younger members of the army and navy set and the diplomatic corps. She began to be seen about at dinner parties, at teas and receptions at the Embassies and Legations.

It was the time when the "Soixante Gourmets" held a prominent place in Washington social life. The "Soixante Gourmets" was a luncheon club, composed of sixty of the younger foreign diplomats—the *chargés d'affaires* and secretaries from the various foreign offices—who met each midday at the Hotel Hamilton. Each member was expected to bring a woman guest, and a huge table, extending entirely down one side of the dining-room, was reserved for the club.

The talk at "Soixante Gourmets" luncheons

invariably was lively and entertaining, conducted in three or four languages—French, Spanish, Italian—all within earshot. A young woman fortunate enough to be a guest might find herself seated with young Baron von Plessen on one side and Don Gelasio Caetani, Italian ambassador, near by. Across the table might be Pete de Sibour, one of the founders of the club, and Jules Henry of the French Foreign Office. Harold Sims, of the British Embassy, was almost sure to be present. So was Felipe A. Espil, today the Argentine Ambassador.

Wallis Spencer appeared at "Soixante Gourmets" luncheons frequently. She was often seen, too, with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Neilson. For a time, when the Neilsons left Washington to return to their home in New York, Wallis Spencer took their apartment. The Neilsons' friends thought it amusing that so many people made comments on the fact that "Freddy" looked so very much like the Prince of Wales. The resemblance, as a matter of fact, was striking.

In Washington, too, began Wallis Spencer's friendship with Ethel Noyes, daughter of Frank B. Noyes, president of the Associated Press, and sister of Frances Noyes Hart, the author. Ethel Noyes married Willmott Lewis, later knighted by King George V, and she is known today, both in America and Europe, for her wit.

Wallis Spencer and her friends frequently were guests at dinner at the home of Harold Sims, who, a bachelor, had an imposing house and gave many large parties. His reputation as a host was enhanced by the presence of an ultra-English butler, Jones, about whom stories are still current in Washington. Harold Sims's home was one in which lady guests were never served any beverage stronger than wine. He disapproved of

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women drinking cocktails and highballs, and while
the grog-tray was brought about for the men the ladies
sipped their Barsac and water.

For a time Wallis Spencer shared a home in
Georgetown with Mrs. Luke McNamee, whose hus-
band, absent on duty, was chief of the naval intelligence
office. Later, Captain McNamee was naval attaché of
the American Embassy in London, and still later, as
Rear-Admiral McNamee, was ordered home to
command the destroyer squadron of the battle fleet
on the Pacific. For several years he was president
of the War College at Newport, Rhode Island,
resigning in 1934 to become chairman of the Inter-
national Telephone and Telegraph Corporation.
Mrs. McNamee, daughter of Admiral Swinburn, is
well known for her portrait-paintings of children.

The little house where Wallis Spencer and Dorothy
McNamee lived in Georgetown was unimpressive,
viewed from the street. Inside it was charming.
Here, informally but attractively, the great names
of Washington Society were entertained. Here there
was sure to be sprightly conversation of all that was
new in politics, art, literature and events of the day,
both at home and abroad.

In 1923 Wallis Spencer made her first trip to
Europe. She went with numerous letters of intro-
duction, and in Paris joined Ethel Noyes. On her
return from this trip, Wallis Spencer announced a
decision. Lieutenant Spencer was still stationed
at Shanghai. Wallis had made up her mind to join
him and seek a reconciliation.

Her mother, married for the third time, and now
Mrs. Charles Gordon Allen, of Washington, dreaded
to see her daughter go. She said to a friend, "It's
such a long way and such a strange place—Shanghai.

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But I've always let Wallis make her own decisions, and I'm not going to try to influence her now. I wouldn't want her to stay because she thought I wanted her to. She mustn't know how I feel about it—but I'm afraid for her. And I'm afraid no good will come of this trip."

But Wallis had made up her mind to go to China. And so bags were packed and tickets purchased and, amid farewells and with characteristic composure, Wallis Spencer set off for the ancient land of the Manchus.

It was the beginning of a new chapter in her life.

CHAPTER VII

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

THE years 1925 and 1926 in Wallis Spencer's life were a tale of two cities. Cities as unlike as any two on this earth—Shanghai, China, and Warrenton, Virginia.

Shanghai, the Oriental seaport, with its million and a half population, its teeming harbour, its astounding mixture of poverty and opulence, of ancient civilization and modern commerce, of Buddhist temples and Hollywood motion pictures, "the most cosmopolitan city in the world".

Warrenton, where 1450 souls, comprising the population, go their pleasant, prosaic way, farming fertile fields set amid rolling hills, riding and hunting in season, and giving little thought to the rest of the world.

Shanghai and Warrenton. . . .

Wallis Spencer knew them both, and made a place for herself in each.

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In Shanghai, Lieutenant and Mrs. Spencer were entertained a good deal. The army and navy set gave parties. There were luncheons and teas and sight-seeing trips. The Spencers took an attractive flat, and, from her maid, Wallis learned to speak a few Chinese phrases—enough to make shopping easier and to give directions when she rode in rickshas.

And for a time it seemed that the purpose of her trip had been accomplished. There is no doubt

that the Lieutenant and his wife both made sincere efforts to patch up the ravelled course of their domestic life. Older, wiser, they did try—both of them—to avoid the mistakes of the past.

Lieutenant Spencer was obliged to be away much of the time. When some new friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, asked Wallis to visit them in Peiping, she accepted the invitation. The Rogers are Americans who spend their time in whatever part of the globe seems most attractive. Their friendship with Wallis Spencer has continued through the years. They were to meet later on the French Riviera. Still later—in September 1936—when King Edward VIII, returning from his summer cruise on the *Nablin*, entertained a group of friends at Balmoral Castle, the names of his guests were flashed around the world by news service. The list included—besides the King's brothers, the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent, and their wives, the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Kent, and other titled guests—Mrs. Ernest Simpson, the former Wallis Spencer, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers.

That visit to Peiping was a pleasant one. At the American Embassy there were friends Wallis Spencer had known in Washington, others with whom she had mutual acquaintances. She went to "At Homes" in Chinese gardens that looked like picture postcards, to Legation receptions where Japanese, German, Scandinavian, and Italian Ministers and attachés bowed and paid courtly compliments, and sandalled servants passed trays of food. The Rogers took their guest to visit ancient temples and palaces, to the cinema, which, in Peiping, is as important as the opera or theatre, to shop in the "silk street" and "jade street".

The influence of that year in China was to stamp

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itself indelibly on Wallis Spencer. An indication of this is the famous photographic portrait of her made by Man Ray, the French artist. In this photograph she wears a coat of Chinese cut. She is standing against a dark background, and her face, turned slightly, has the dignity and fragility of a Chinese princess, pictured on a priceless bit of porcelain.

Today she possesses numerous reminders of her stay in China. There is a handsome screen and two beautiful porcelain fishes. There are lacquer and porcelain boxes and bits of brocade. In China, too, Wallis Spencer began her collection of "lucky" elephants—tiny figures carved of ivory and jade and turquoise and a dozen other substances. Her favourite colours are the Chinese shades—unusual blues, jade, amber, soft browns, flame, and the pink of rose quartz.

From Peiping, Wallis Spencer returned to Shanghai, and the months drifted on. At the end of a year she and Lieutenant Spencer faced the conclusion that was inevitable. They decided that, for each, it was best to end their marriage.

They said farewells, knowing that this time they were to be final, and Wallis sailed for America.

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The Warren Green Hotel, in Warrenton, Virginia, is a rambling structure where life moves complacently, seldom with needless energy. From its windows there is a view of Warrenton's two principal thoroughfares, and, beyond, the rolling Virginia landscape.

Wallis Spencer arrived there on June 10, 1926. A year later she said, in answer to questioning by Judge George Latham Fletcher, "I came to Warrenton to be near my family. I knew some people here. All my family are in Washington."

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At the Warren Green Hotel she unpacked her trunks with their steamer labels. She took out her screens and brocades and lacquer boxes. Presently—she has a decided talent for making her surroundings reflect her personality—the two-room suite became colourful and homelike. Visitors who were entertained in that living-room remember that there were always flowers in profusion. They remember the display of “lucky” elephants—and some of them added to the collection.

Wallis Spencer had no servants at the Warren Green Hotel, but Jake, the grizzled old coloured porter, could not do enough for her. Jake used to wash her dog, “Sandy”. “Sandy” had been acquired by adoption, and had other owners, but as long as Wallis Spencer was in Warrenton he remained with her.

Warrenton is in a section of Virginia where there are many country estates, where hunting and racing are subjects of the keenest interest, and several families own their own packs of hounds. Each year the outstanding event is the Warrenton Gold Cup Race, in which gentlemen jockeys from all over the country ride.

The day starts with luncheon at one of the large country homes. House and gardens and grounds are always overflowing with guests. Then there is the race, laid out over a course crossing “Clovelly”, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Spilman, who keep open house for the day. At night there is the dance at the Warrenton Country Club, at which the men wear the pink coats of the hunt and the women their smartest formal gowns.

Wallis Spencer soon found herself very much at home in this life. Among her friends were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hasrick and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Larrabee. Occasionally she drove over to Middleburg to visit

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur White. She was friendly, too, with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Winmill and Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan.

She made a trip to New York that year—a casual visit that was unimportant except for a single event. She went to dinner at the home of an old friend, Mrs. Jacques Raffray, who, as Mary Kirk, had been one of the bridesmaids at the Spencers' marriage. Two of the other guests that evening were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson. Ernest Simpson, a tall, well-set-up man with English colouring—blue eyes, light-brown hair and moustache—was employed by the ship chartering firm of which his father was a member. Mrs. Simpson, the former Mrs. Dorothea Parsons Dechert, was the daughter of Arthur Webb Parsons and a great-grand-daughter of a former Chief Justice of Massachusetts. The Simpsons had been married in 1923, and had a daughter.

Wallis Spencer saw the Simpsons once or twice after that. She met a number of other people in New York, did some shopping, saw some plays, and returned to Warrenton.

She had not intended, when she went to the little Virginia town, to make it her permanent residence. But she enjoyed it there. She found she liked it better the longer she stayed. Frequently she saw her old friends from Baltimore and Washington.

She went to Baltimore for the Maryland Hunt Cup Race, joining a group of friends from Pittsburgh. One of them was Elizabeth Key Lloyd, now Mrs. Morgan Schiller, and later the group drove to Wye House, on the Eastern Shore, owned by the Lloyd family.

Wye House is a famous pre-Revolutionary country house. The original house, built in the seventeenth

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century, was burned and rebuilt before the Revolution. Some of the smaller buildings, still standing, are of seventeenth-century construction. The orangery, behind the house, is said to be one of the finest examples of Georgian architecture in America. Wye House is famous, too, for its box-hedge labyrinth. All of the furnishings in the house are original colonial pieces, and lighting, by night, is by means of lamps and candles.

The place abounds in traditions, and has rooms that are believed to be haunted. There was a good deal of discussion, on Wallis Spencer's visit to Wye House, about the "haunted" rooms and who should be assigned to them. The week-end passed, however, without ghostly visitations.

On October 25, 1927, S. Davies Warfield died in Baltimore. His niece attended the funeral on October 27, at Emanuel Protestant Church. It was at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at that time all trains of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad were stopped for a period of five minutes.

On December 6, in the Circuit Court of Fauquier County, at Warrenton, the hearing of Wallis Spencer's divorce suit began. Judge George Latham Fletcher presided. The charge was desertion, and on December 10 the decree was granted.

Wallis Spencer left that court-room in Warrenton free of marital bonds. It was the ending of one chapter in her life . . . a chapter that had stretched from Baltimore to Florida and California and Washington and Paris and Shanghai. . . . It was the beginning of a new chapter—and even Wallis Spencer scarcely could have dreamed what distances this new one was to take her.

CHAPTER VIII

REMARRIAGE—LIFE IN LONDON

LATE-afternoon lights glowed in the New York apartment living-room. There was a fire burning in the grate and a tray on the low table before the davenport. Ice tinkled in glasses and twisted spirals of cigarette-smoke rose, blending with the scent of roses in a silver bowl against the wall.

Two women and a man sat near the fire. Others, across the room, were looking out at the Manhattan skyline, beginning to sparkle, here and there, with its nightly radiance.

The low hum of voices was interrupted by a man standing before the fireplace.

"But there's a fortune in it!" he exclaimed. "It's the biggest thing in years——"

"What is, Morgan?" one of the women at the window demanded.

"Why, this thing I've been telling you about. These construction elevators. I've gone over the whole proposition. It's sound—absolutely 100 per cent!"

Another voice, not loud, but receiving instant attention, spoke then. It was a woman's voice.

"Why, that's marvellous!" she said. "Here you have this new business you're so enthusiastic about, and here am I, wanting a job. There must be something in such a big business that I could do."

"You—a job?"

"Why, Wallis!"

There were other protests. "What on earth do you want a job for?" "What could you do?" "Honestly, I never *heard* of such a thing!"

"Do you really mean it, Wallis?" the man asked doubtfully.

"Certainly I mean it. Why not?"

"By George, I believe you do!" The man before the fireplace turned, studied the face of the woman who had spoken. "You could do it, too!" he announced, snapping his fingers. "By George—of course you could! You've got personality, appearance, enthusiasm!"

"But she's never done anything like that in her life," said one of the others, coming forward. "Wallis—you can't be serious. You don't mean that you really want to go to work!"

Wallis Spencer smiled. "Other people get jobs, don't they?" she said. "Then, why can't I? I do want a job; it's the one thing I do want."

The man beside her took out a cigarette-case, offered it, and struck a match.

"You'd be splendid at any job you made up your mind to undertake," he said quietly, "but somehow I can't think of you in connection with anything as ponderous and ugly as construction elevators. What do you plan to do about them? Demonstrate them?"

"She could sell them!" the other man cut in abruptly. "It's a great idea. Why, Wallis could hypnotize anyone into buying anything in the world. Maybe she hasn't had business experience, but she won't need that. Wallis, it's a great idea. It's better than that—it's brilliant. I want you to come out to Pittsburgh and talk this over. We're going through with it!"

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Wallis Spencer made the trip to Pittsburgh, but she did not sell even one construction elevator. Later judgment prevailed, and she gave up the venture.

Perhaps, as a business woman, she would have made a success—even in such an unusual field. After all, it was her grandfather, Henry M. Warfield, who persuaded directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to build their first grain elevator, said to be the first one in the country. The episode is interesting, because it is one more adding insight into the character of this unusual woman.

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Warrenton, Virginia, was a place of peace and comfort and friends, but presently Wallis Spencer felt once more the urge to travel. Her aunt, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, agreed to go with her to Europe.

So again bags were packed and tickets bought. Again there were farewells waved from the deck of an ocean liner. And again Wallis Spencer was on her way to new adventures.

She and Mrs. Merryman spent some time in Paris and in the South of France. And then they went to London, where, shortly after their arrival, they encountered Ernest Simpson.

He was, by this time, living in London, where he had gone as attorney for the ship-chartering firm of Simpson and Simpson, in which today he is a partner. It was natural for Ernest Simpson to feel at home in England. Though he was born in New York City, his father, Ernest L. Simpson, of New York, was born a British subject. Ernest Simpson's sister, Lady Carr-Smiley, had chosen a British husband and had lived in London

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for several years. He himself, as an undergraduate at Harvard, had left the university early in 1918 to enlist in the British Coldstream Guards. Six months after enlistment Ernest Simpson received a second lieutenant's commission. At the end of the war he returned to the United States, took up his studies again at Harvard, where he graduated.

Those who know Ernest Simpson well invariably speak first of his appearance. He is tall, rather blond, with a pink-and-white freshness of complexion. He has squarely set shoulders, a distinguished manner, and a conservative taste in clothes. One of his hobbies is collecting old books, and he is proud of his collection. History interests him. So does biography. He likes travel, too, and has a great fund of knowledge about the places where he has been.

As a host he is easy to talk to and entertaining. He played host to Wallis Spencer and her aunt frequently, that winter in London. He took them to smart restaurants, to the theatre, to Covent Garden. They met many of his friends. He sent flowers. He paid subtle compliments, and, with a hundred little attentions, made it plain to Wallis Spencer how much he admired her.

It was a courtship unlike any she had known before. She admired Ernest Simpson, enjoyed his companionship. In his presence she felt security and a stability that was new—and stability was a quality in which Wallis Spencer's life had been lacking. There had been gaiety, glamour, and excitement, but these can lose value. Strong, dependable, and gallant, Ernest Simpson pleaded his case and won.

From Baltimore, on an August day in 1928, came the news :

"Mrs. Warfield Spencer, daughter of Mrs.

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Charles Gordon Allen, of Washington, and Mr. Ernest Simpson, of London, were married Saturday, July 21, in London, according to announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. Allen."

The marriage ceremony was the simplest, followed by a wedding trip to Spain and the Balearic Islands.

Back in London, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson first lived at Grosvenor House. Then they moved to 12 Upper Berkeley Street—a house owned by Lady Chatham. It was a small place, but attractively furnished, with pine-panelled walls, bright chintz hangings, and gleaming old silver. And, of course, Wallis made it homelike with flowers—quantities of them at all times.

But Wallis Simpson missed her friends in Virginia and Maryland. For months she was homesick, and for months the English ways of doing things—such simple things as shopping and giving orders to servants, and having tea in the morning instead of coffee—seemed strange and unnatural. She discovered how very, very different, despite the bond of a common language, is life in England and America.

A little over a year after her marriage came news that took her back to America on the first liner. Her mother was ill in Washington. Seriously ill. When the daughter reached her mother's bedside, Mrs. Allen was unconscious. She never regained consciousness, though she lived for a week.

The death of her mother was the greatest sadness Wallis Simpson had ever known. Such loyalty and devotion as existed between these two are rare. Wholeheartedly, unselfishly, the mother had made her daughter's welfare the single aim of her life. It was a deep-seated affection that was returned. Today the

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high place she occupies in the world, the honours that have come to her, are a tribute to that mother's memory.

When Mrs. Simpson returned to London the sadness went with her. She was in mourning, saw very few of her friends. The foreignness of the city seemed more pronounced than ever. More than ever, she missed the friends and relatives she had left behind in America.

Gradually the unhappy months passed. Gradually the sense of loneliness slipped away. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson made some acquaintances at the American Embassy. Presently they were receiving invitations, entertaining in turn.

They met Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Thaw. Mrs. Thaw is the sister of Lady Furness and Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, and her husband, a brother of Colonel Thaw, who organized the Lafayette Escadrille, was first secretary of the Embassy. They met Lord and Lady Furness and Mrs. Vanderbilt. They attended parties given by Captain Galbraith, naval attaché at the American Embassy, and his wife. The Galbraiths' entertainments were famous in London for their lavishness.

It was not long before the Simpsons' circle of friends increased. It included Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Foster. Others were Vincent Massey, the Canadian Minister, and his wife, and Vincent Massey's brother, Raymond Massey, the actor, and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson entertained a good deal in a very inconspicuous way. Sir Willmott and Lady Lewis were among their guests frequently. Frances Noyes Hart, visiting her sister, came too. Mrs. Erskine Gwinne was another American friend.

In 1929 the Simpsons moved from the house on Upper Berkeley Street to an apartment in Bryanston

Court. That apartment was dignified, comfortable and homelike without being pretentious. It was decorated by a well-known London firm, but Mrs. Simpson chose the colours used in her rooms, and the result was a tribute to her infallible taste.

The walls of the living-room were a pale antique chartreuse, with curtains of the same hue at the windows. Tall crystal vases, usually filled with flame-coloured flowers, added a brilliant accent. There was a mantel, and over it a huge mirror. Book-shelves, for Ernest Simpson's prized volumes, lined the walls. There were plenty of comfortable chairs, grouped to make conversation easy. Plenty of little tables displaying Wallis Simpson's bright Chinese-lacquer boxes.

The dining-room was a small one—or considered so in London. Dominating the room was the mirror-topped table, large enough to seat twelve or fourteen guests. Mrs. Simpson liked this table because she thought it contributed to the gaiety of meals. The mirror top was left uncovered at dinner. At luncheon, instead of linen, bright-coloured flower-prints, mounted, served as place-mats.

To run this house, Mrs. Simpson employed a cook and kitchen-maid, parlour-maid and house-maid, as well as her personal maid. She is exacting with servants, but they are loyal, invariably remaining with her for years. Kane, the Scotch parlour-maid, has held her post for a long period. Mrs. Rolph, the cook, has been employed for four years.

By June 1931 Wallis Simpson was happy and contented in London. She had friends of whom she was fond, an attractive home, and life had settled into a pleasant, if rather routine, pattern.

Many of the women she knew had been presented at Court. They thought that Wallis should be, too.

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She showed little interest in the suggestion.

"But you should. Really you should!" the others insisted.

Wallis couldn't see that being presented at Court could make any difference in her life. Things were going along well enough as they were. There wasn't anyone she wanted to impress, and she wasn't a social climber. Why should she don plumes and a Court-train and set off for the palace?

At last, though, she was persuaded. "Very well," she said, "I'll do it if it doesn't cost anything."

And she did. From one friend she borrowed the gown with the Court-train and from another the three white plumes for her hair. She bought a band of aquamarines to hold the plumes in place, and then—at the last minute—saw a beautiful aquamarine cross. It was four inches long and made of gorgeous stones, and Wallis has a weakness for aquamarines. She bought it, spending more than she might have on an entire Court costume, and wore the cross suspended from a cord about her throat, with her borrowed finery.

The presentation took place on June 10, 1931. It was the fourth and final Court of the season. Besides King George and Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George (now Duke of Kent) were present. Other members of the Royal Family attending were Princess Mary, the Countess of Harewood, and her husband, the Earl of Harewood; the Duke of Connaught; Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Major-General the Earl of Athlone, and Lady Louis Mountbatten.

Mrs. Charles G. Dawes, wife of the American Ambassador, presented nine American women. They were: Mrs. William R. Amon, of New York, daughter of the U.S. Consul General in London; Mrs. Quentell

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Violett, of New York; Miss Carol Donohugh, of New York; Mrs. James Gaylord Baldwin, 2nd, portrait-painter and member of the Columbus, Ohio, Junior League; Mrs. Charles O. Broy, of Sperryville, Virginia; Mrs. Herbert C. Greer, of Morgantown, West Virginia; Mrs. Ernest L. Ives, of Bloomington, Illinois; Miss Barbara Peart, of San Francisco, California; and Miss Augusta Trimble, of Seattle, Washington.

A news correspondent wrote of the occasion :

“As the presentees moved through the corridors of Buckingham Palace towards the scarlet-and-gold State-room, they were entertained by the strains of soft music from a concealed orchestra. On all sides were high banks of roses and hydrangeas.

“The King and Queen, accompanied by other members of the Royal Family, entered the throne-room at half past nine o’clock. The Prince of Wales, absent the night before, took his place behind the golden throne of his father and mother.”

This was the scene as, one by one, the women to be presented went forward to make their bows. All in their handsomest gowns and most glittering jewels. Assembled in the impressive gathering were Indian princes and their Maharanees, ambassadors and their ladies, each in Court costume, from France, Brazil, Portugal, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Poland, Chile, Russia, the Netherlands—and a dozen other countries. A ceremony that was colourful, solemn, and dignified in the extreme.

Later, when the presentation was over, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson went to the party given by Lady Furness. There, too, was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Simpson made another curtsy, this time to the Prince.

CHAPTER IX

PORTRAIT OF WALLIS SIMPSON

COLUMNS have been written about Mrs. Ernest Simpson's gowns, her furs, and her jewels.

She is, as she has been described, one of the best-dressed women in the world. She does not, contrary to reports, like to wear black, but did so, in accord with all the fashionable world of England, in mourning for King George.

Blue is her colour—particularly in off-shades that are unusually becoming with her blue eyes, creamy skin, and rich brown hair. She likes to tan in summer, but avoids letting her skin brown deeply.

Her smile is flashing, brilliant, revealing extraordinarily white teeth.

She does not affect dark nail-polish, preferring a pale-pink shade.

As a young girl, the despair of her life was the fact that her waistline was so small. Today Parisian designers agree that her figure is close to perfection. It is a figure that sets off the crisp, trim sports clothes she likes to wear.

She wears beautifully cut, tailored suits in quiet shades very often—usually with bright blouses. Last summer one of her favourite outfits was such a suit, worn with a satin blouse in jockey colours, made with the colours alternating, as in a jockey's shirt.

Day-time clothes designed especially for her invariably are cut high at the throat and have long,

PORTRAIT OF WALLIS SIMPSON

tight sleeves. Her evening gowns, in contrast, are very formal.

She is one of the few women in the world to whom backless evening gowns are becoming. Her taste, however, does not run to extremes.

Purple, the shade of royalty, is unusually becoming to the Duchess. She has a purple-and-black sports costume, and with it, to hold her hair in place when she goes hatless, wears a band of purple ribbons, woven and fastened about her head like a coronet braid. Her maid makes these bands, and she has them in many colours.

The only "frou-frou" costume she ever owned was one in her summer wardrobe. It was a black crêpe evening gown, severely plain in front, with many, many tiny ruffles at the back, each edged with white, and spreading like a peacock's plumage. Another black evening gown of classic lines has bands of bead embroidery in vivid shades.

She owns a coat of sables and one of mink. She does not wear silver fox or other "furry" furs. The sable and mink coats are from Revillon's, in London. She likes American shoes, usually made by Delman. Antoine de Paris is her hairdresser.

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But it is her jewels that cause other women to sigh with envy.

Photographs showing her wearing pearls may be classed invariably as dating from years ago. She no longer cares for pearls, and never wears them.

She does wear rubies, sapphires, aquamarines, emeralds, diamonds. With sports clothes, frequently she wears a triangular-shaped clip with sides about two and a half inches long and covered with small square stones of myriad hues.

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Her day-time jewellery includes a necklace of baguette diamonds, set vertically instead of horizontally. At the centres of the front and sides are large emeralds. With the necklace she wears a ring, set with a three-cornered emerald and three-cornered diamond.

She has beautiful diamond clips which she wears also in the day-time, and a diamond bracelet in the shape of a cord, with a square of platinum and diamonds on one side which, studied closely, reveals the face of a watch.

Once she disliked earrings ; now she wears them frequently. Her favourites are a pair made like sprays of flowers. The minute blossoms are set with beautifully cut sapphires, and the leaves and stems are of diamonds.

For evening she has complete sets of emeralds, of sapphires, of rubies, and of aquamarines. They are in modern settings of unusual design.

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But other women have jewels. Other women have beautiful gowns. What are the qualities which have won for this lady the place she holds in the world today ?

Charm ?

Yes, decidedly. The charm of a controlled, sophisticated woman, quick to sympathize and quick to understand the problems of others. Tactful in the extreme. Says a close friend :

“Wallis has an amazing ability to keep her opinions to herself. If she thinks an acquaintance is doing something that is unwise, that something about another person’s life might be remedied or changed for the better, she is likely to suggest, in

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the mildest way, that such a change might be a good thing. She can do more with suggestions than others who are emphatic in their comments."

The character of such a woman is not easy to express.

There is the surface glamour—her beauty, her wit, the sparkle of an alert personality who has been in many of the interesting places of the world and known many of its most interesting men and women.

But there is much that is deeper in Mrs. Simpson's nature. Loyalty, self-discipline, courage, complete honesty, and complete lack of pretence. An unusual gift of analysis and unusual ability to come to sound decisions. She has the widest interests—art and literature and events of State, as well as the theatre and racing at Ascot and Aintree. Her absorbing interest, though, is in other people, and her judgment of others is almost unerring.

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The world knew Wallis Simpson in headlines; the world does not know, however, such facts as these:

She likes motion-picture comedies—particularly those made by Eddie Cantor and Harold Lloyd.

She is very undemonstrative.

She is friendly, but has what has been described as "a wonderful way of keeping people at a distance".

She can complete a jig-saw puzzle in half the time the average person takes.

She has a photographic mind, and, having entered a room, can step outside and relate in detail exactly what that room contained. Friends tell the story of a time when she and several others went to visit a famous cathedral. They gazed, impressed,

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at lofty Gothic arches, at the beautiful altar and richly coloured windows, and stone floors hallowed by years and the tread of reverent feet. Then, leaving the cathedral behind, they stepped out into the daylight.

Said Wallis Simpson, "What did you think of the clock?"

Clock? Immediately there were exclamations. None of the others in the group had seen a clock. They declared that Wallis certainly must be mistaken.

She smiled and said, "Let's look again."

Back into the cathedral they went, and down a corridor. There—sure enough—in a design on the wall was a clock. It was ancient as its surroundings, in dull colours and rather unusual. But a clock, nevertheless.

To picture Wallis Simpson, though, it would be necessary to recall her in her home, when she used to give formal parties.

The hour is five o'clock. The drawing-room, with its furnishings of rich and unobtrusive tones, dark polished wood, and masses of vivid, exotic blossoms, is softly lighted. Groups of men and women—eight or ten of them—are talking. Now and then a ripple of laughter rises.

Mrs. Simpson, in a gown of blue set off by the gleam of diamonds, sits before a low table on which are arranged silver and crystal and china. She serves her guests, stopping to greet new arrivals, to join in the talk, telling an anecdote or listening to one.

"Slipper", the Cairn terrier, dozes on the floor at a distance. The parlour-maid enters with a square, silver box, with shelves holding canapés, and, after the guests have helped themselves, places it near the fire to keep the canapés warm. There will be, too, on a tray, a fresh loaf of brownly crusted bread, potted

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shrimps, and lettuce. Such foods are more to Mrs. Simpson's taste, personally, than elaborate ones or sweets.

Many distinguished people used to attend these parties, and all declared that Mrs. Simpson was a fascinating hostess.

Those who once envied this lady her success as a hostess may be guided by some of these hints :

She feels it is important at dinner-parties to keep the conversation, at least more or less, general. For this reason, she does not like large groups.

She believes a good hostess is one who is able to throw the ball of conversation, seeing to it that everyone is included.

She thinks, too, that :

Food should be perfect (as it invariably is in her home), but too much makes people dull and uninteresting. Cooking that is excellent, but of rather simple form, is likely to please guests more than elaborate dishes.

Alcoholic drinks—at least, more than two before dinner—dull both the appetite and the wit.

A wise hostess never entertains at the same time her bridge-playing friends and those who shun the game.

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This life story has been interrupted to picture the Duchess as she was once known in London. Her appearance, her tastes and opinions—these help to convey that picture. But those who would know her as she is should remember the heritage that is hers from ancestors who were courageous in battle, who lived in castles in ancient England and conferred with kings, who came to a New World, and from that wilderness wrested homes and wealth and important places in State and nation.

CHAPTER X

MORE ABOUT LONDON . . . BIARRITZ . . . CANNES

AN ocean liner, arriving in New York in the spring of 1933, had included on its passenger-list the name of "Mrs. Ernest Simpson, of London".

The name was of no significance to ship news reporters, and none of them asked for interviews. None of the camera-men who boarded the ship at Quarantine asked Mrs. Simpson to pose for photographs, either. With little ado she passed through the customs offices, went to a railway terminal, and took a train for Washington, District of Columbia.

In Washington, Wallis Simpson went to the apartment of her aunt, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, who, since the death of Wallis's mother, has been closer to her than any other relative. It must have been an arrival that brought quick memories, flashes of grief and happiness, as Wallis Simpson saw familiar streets and landmarks. Memories of Washington in her little girlhood, her débutante days . . . Washington before the war and afterwards . . . the days she lived in the little house in Georgetown . . . her mother's funeral.

It was to visit her aunt that Wallis Simpson had come to Washington. She saw, too, during her stay there, her cousins, Mrs. Anne Suydam and Mrs. Newbold Noyes, and heard news of her uncle, Henry M. Warfield, living in Baltimore. One afternoon Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Merryman drove to Baltimore, saw the races at Pimlico, and dined with friends.



VIENNA, FEBRUARY, 1935

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There were parties in Washington for Mrs. Simpson. It was known that she had been presented at Court and had met the Prince of Wales. Old acquaintances and new ones asked eagerly for news of London, the fashionable life there, and famous celebrities.

Wallis was delighted to be in her old home, friendly as she has always been, reticent about her success as a hostess abroad. She stayed on in Washington for a month, departed to spend a few days in New York before taking a boat again for England.

The night before she sailed there was a dinner in New York in her honour. One of the guests was George Marshall, owner of the new Roosevelt raceway at Westbury, Long Island, who later married Corinne Griffith, the motion-picture star.

Friends took Mrs. Simpson to her ship next day, and waved farewells. Sailing down New York harbour on that voyage, Wallis Simpson saw the Manhattan skyline for the last time. She has not returned to America since.

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That autumn, when fashionable Londoners opened their town houses, and newspaper Society columns chronicled events of the new season, and theatres were presenting new plays, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were seen frequently with the Prince of Wales. Accompanying the Prince, they attended the Embassy Club and Covent Garden. The Prince came to tea at the Simpsons' Bryanston Court apartment and Mr. and Mrs. Simpson received invitations to entertainments at St. James's Palace.

Those who know the Duke of Windsor and his wife explain that the friendship which developed between them was based on many mutual interests.

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The Duke, who all his life has been democratic, admired her naturalness and complete lack of pretence. Both like country life and the races and dancing. Both prefer informal to formal social functions. The Duke of Windsor, when King Edward VIII, enjoyed the atmosphere of hospitality and comfort and simple friendliness in Mrs. Simpson's home.

In the summer of 1934, when the Prince of Wales set sail on the yacht *Rosaura* for a cruise of the Riviera, included among his guests was Wallis Simpson, chaperoned by her aunt, Mrs. Merryman.

From Cannes, September 12, the following news was flashed to America :

"The Prince of Wales is evidently enjoying his sojourn in Cannes, for today he decided to remain three days longer. He sent to Marseilles the aeroplane that had come to take him to Paris.

"To the delight of hundreds of onlookers, last night the Prince danced the rumba with an American woman, identified as a Mrs. Simpson.

"Although it had been announced that the Prince would stay aboard the yacht *Rosaura*, he came ashore yesterday afternoon, and shortly before midnight he appeared at the Palm Beach Casino with Mrs. Simpson and John Taylor, British Vice-Consul at Cannes."

Three days later there was this report in an American newspaper :

"Of all the invitations the Prince of Wales received during his stay at Cannes, he accepted only one. He was a guest for luncheon aboard the yacht of Mr. and Mr. Sydney Allen, of St. Louis, who have

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been cruising these waters recently. Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, the latter the former Katherine Moore, of New York, and Major and Mrs. Douglas King. Mrs. King, before her marriage, was Ruth Ady, of Cincinnati."

The Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers referred to are the friends who entertained Wallis Simpson in Peiping, and who, with her, were guests at Balmoral Castle in September 1936.

In February 1935, with other guests of the Prince of Wales, Wallis Simpson attended the winter sports at Kitzbuhl, in Austria. News correspondents wrote from Vienna :

"The Tyrolese winter sports resort at Kitzbuhl, where the Prince of Wales is expected on Tuesday, is already crowded with Austrian aristocracy. Authorities are taking every precaution to ensure that the Prince's strict incognito will be observed."

Another dispatch, dated Budapest, stated :

"Budapest is suffering from Prince-of-Wales fever. Since the British heir's arrival here last night the whole population has been trying to get a glimpse of the royal visitor."

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In all that has been written about the friendship of King Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson, much has been said about Fort Belvedere, the King's country home.

Of all the castles and palaces where he lived, Fort Belvedere was said to be his favourite residence. It is but a short motor-trip from London—about thirty

miles. Here, weary of ceremony and State functions, he was fond of entertaining in an informal way.

Judged by other royal residences, Fort Belvedere is small, though it covers a large acreage. It has a swimming-pool and tennis-courts. At the back of the Fort there are many lovely walks—grassy paths beneath vaulting trees. One of these natural lanes, winding on for some distance, comes at length to a picturesque old ruin in Grecian style.

Guests, coming for the week-end, usually arrived in the late afternoon at about the tea-hour. They were served tea in the drawing-room, three sides of which are windows. It was a lovely room, creating the general impression of freshness and light. It was furnished with beautiful antique walnut, chintz in rich yellow shades, and on the walls there were a number of fine paintings by Italian and Dutch artists.

On one side of the room, before the windows, there stood a long table, especially built to hold the King's jig-saw puzzles. Invariably these puzzles were the largest and most intricate to be obtained.

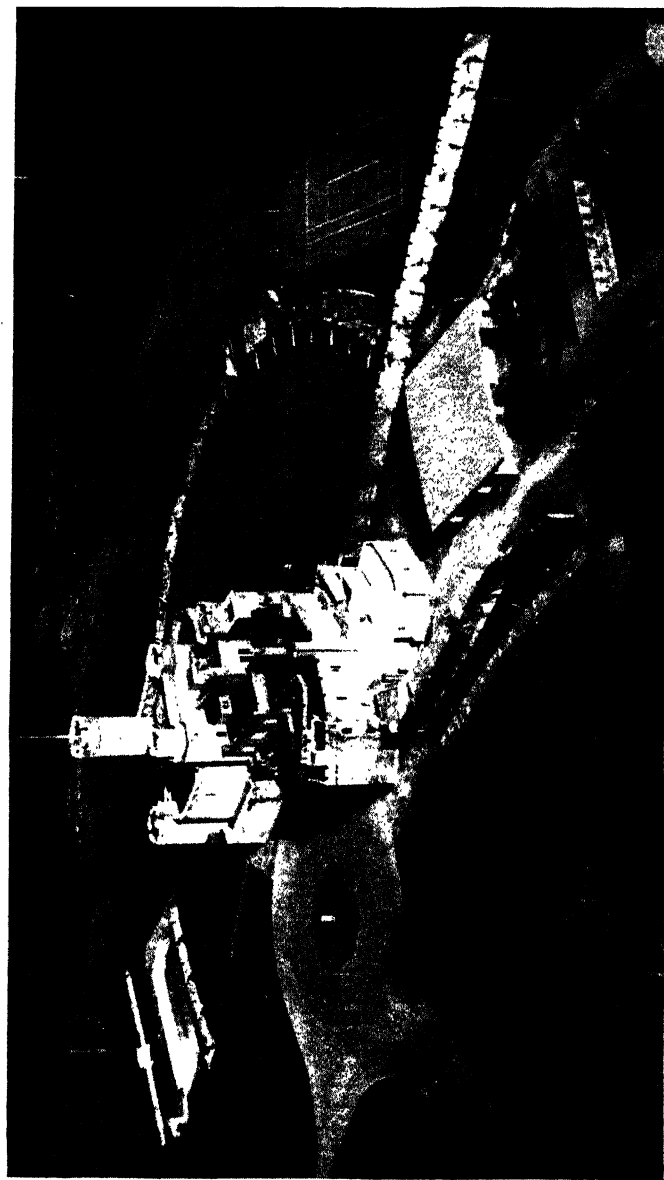
The dining-room, which, like the living-room, opens off a large central hallway, was a very masculine room. It had a long, beautifully carved walnut table that was never covered by linen or mats of any sort. There were ancestral paintings on the walls.

At dinner on Saturday nights at Fort Belvedere the King used to wear Scotch attire.

An added Scotch touch to dinner at Fort Belvedere was the presence of the pipers, who played while coffee was served.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson were, in 1935, known as members of the Prince of Wales's intimate circle of



AERIAL VIEW OF FORT BELVEDERE

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friends. The list included : the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland ; Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten ; Lord and Lady Brownlow ; Lord Dudley ; the Hon. A. Duff-Cooper and Lady Diana Duff-Cooper ; the Hon. and Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald ; Lady Cunard ; and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Buist.

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January 21, 1936, in London the cry rang out, "The King is dead. Long live the King !"

The Prince of Wales, at the instant of the death of his father, George V, became his successor. A day later, with traditional pomp and ceremony, Edward VIII was proclaimed King. Londoners, bare-headed and tremulous with emotion, heard the fanfare of trumpets, the thunder of saluting guns, and then the reading of the official proclamation. Bands played the national anthem, and voices rose in chorus :

"Send him victorious, happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us.
God save the King !"

At once King Edward VIII took over duties of State. In March, in his first radio broadcast, he paid an eloquent tribute to his father, and then said :

"It now falls upon me to succeed him and carry on his work.

"I am better known to most of you as the Prince of Wales—as the man who, during the war and since, has had an opportunity of getting to know people in nearly every country of the world under all conditions and circumstances. And although I now speak to you as King, I am still that same man who has had that experience and

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whose constant effort it will be to continue to promote the well-being of my fellow men.

"May the future bring peace and understanding throughout the world and prosperity and happiness to the British Empire, and may we be worthy of the heritage that is ours."

It was a statement to give his subjects a glimpse of the nature of their new monarch.

Another picture which should be recorded is that of Westminster Abbey on Maundy Thursday, April 9.

Standing beside the Archbishop of Canterbury, Edward VIII that day distributed alms to seventy-one aged men and seventy-one women, some on crutches, many in worn and shabby clothes.

It was the King's first public ceremony since his father's funeral. The tradition, hundreds of years old, is that on Maundy Thursday the King shall make gifts of food, clothing, and money to the poor, and that there shall be one man and one woman for every year of his age.

Edward VIII, however, had specified that seventy-one men and seventy-one women should be present to receive gifts—as many as there would have been had King George been living.

Those who attended the ceremony say that, as the King walked down the aisle, his eyes raised to the reserved section where Wallis Simpson was standing. His gaze, clear and direct, did not leave her face until he took his place beside the Archbishop and began distributing the bags of money.

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The Court Circular contained a single paragraph on Thursday, May 28, 1936.

Beneath the facsimile of the royal arms this paragraph read :

"The King gave a Dinner Party at St. James's Palace this evening, to which the following had the honour of being invited : Commander the Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten ; the Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., and Mrs. Baldwin ; Colonel the Lord Wigram and Lady Wigram ; the Right Hon. A. Duff-Cooper, M.P., and the Lady Diana Duff-Cooper ; Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Piers Legh and the Hon. Mrs. Legh ; Lady Cunard ; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Ernle Chatfield and Lady Chatfield ; Colonel Charles Lindbergh and Mrs. Lindbergh ; and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson."

It was news that caused much comment in London. There were further comments in August when King Edward set off with a party of friends for a cruise of the Adriatic on the *Nablin*, £340,000 yacht owned and leased to His Majesty by Lady Yule.

Lord and Lady Brownlow, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, and Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald were in the party. And so was Mrs. Simpson.

In the United States, pictures of the King and his friends, photographed on the cruise, began to appear in newspapers. Almost invariably these photographs showed Wallis Simpson beside the King. There was never the slightest attempt on his part to prevent such pictures from being taken. On the contrary, stories are told of local police seizing Press cameras, only to have the King himself hand the cameras back to their owners.

At the end of the cruise not a newspaper-reader

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in the United States was unaware of King Edward's friendship for Mrs. Simpson.

Back in England, the King spent some time at duties in London, then proceeded to Balmoral Castle, in Scotland. The Court Circular a few days later announced that, at Balmoral, the King had as guests—his brothers, the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent; the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Kent; the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland; the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry; the Earl and Countess of Rosebery; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, of New York; and Mrs. Simpson.

News wires to America added that when Mrs. Simpson and the Rogers arrived by train in Aberdeen the King was at the station to meet them, having driven fifty miles from Balmoral Castle, at the wheel of his own car.

When, a few days later, Mrs. Simpson returned to London, she went to her new address on Cumberland Terrace. Ernest Simpson had moved, also, from the Bryanston Court apartment to the Guards' Club.

Still later—on October 14—wire services, familiar now with the name of Wallis Simpson, flashed that name around the world. It blazed in headlines, in two-inch type. Wallis Simpson, the headlines said, had filed a suit for divorce.

Wallis Simpson was granted a *decree nisi* by Mr. Justice Hawke at Ipswich on October 27, 1936.



MRS. SIMPSON'S HOUSE AT 16, CUMBERLAND TERRACE

CHAPTER XI

WALLIS MAKES HISTORY

THUS things had gradually come to a pass which made it impossible for the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, to ignore the situation. For months the American Press had been rather freely, not to say unrestrainedly, canvassing the name of Mrs. Simpson as the possible prospective consort of the King of England—that is to say the prospective Queen of England. It must here be recorded to the eternal credit of the British Press that all papers and periodicals (bar one) observed discreet silence on the subject, until such time as an official statement should be made.

If sophisticated Mayfair could read between the lines of the Court Circulars that had been issued since King Edward VIII's cruise, to the average British citizen the mention of the name of Mrs. Ernest Simpson as his guest on various occasions meant no more than would that of any other name.

It came therefore as a surprise to most people when, on November 17, 1936, the matter was, though indirectly, first raised in the House of Commons. This was no more than a short inquiry concerning the manner in which imported American magazines and periodicals were being censored. In spite of the briefness of the duel between Mr. Runciman, then President of the Board of Trade, and three M.P.s, comment was sufficiently pointed to show that the House was feeling

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considerable concern regarding the unofficial censorship of imported journals.

Precisely seven days before Mrs. Simpson's divorce action—on October 20—Mr. Baldwin sought and obtained an audience of H.M. King Edward VIII, at which they discussed "the difficult situation which might arise" in the event of Mrs. Simpson obtaining a *decree nisi*, and in view of her long friendship with King Edward.

The Premier made it very clear in the public statements which followed later that neither at this interview nor at any later on did he place any pressure on King Edward. He merely drew his attention to the comments passed so freely in the American and foreign Press, and mentioned that they were causing the Cabinet considerable anxiety.

The matter was not discussed again between them until November 16, the eve of the King's memorable tour of the distressed areas in South Wales, but this time it was the King who summoned the Premier.

When Mr. Baldwin arrived at Buckingham Palace, for one of the most portentous interviews in English history, King Edward told him frankly, and without any qualification, "I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson, and I am prepared to go." Mr. Baldwin indicated to His Majesty that, in his opinion, this marriage would not be approved by the country, as it would be inevitable that the lady in question would become Queen of England, since a morganatic marriage would not, in all probability, be even considered in the British Empire.

However, the King remained adamant. Mr. Baldwin returned to Downing Street, and the King embarked on his successful tour of South Wales.

After his return there were further fateful interviews between King Edward and Mr. Baldwin. All

concerned tried desperately to find a way out of the dilemma. The King himself, always intent on constitutional methods, inquired whether it would be possible for him to make Mrs. Simpson his consort, without her becoming Queen of England. At the King's request Mr. Baldwin undertook to consult with his colleagues in the Cabinet and the Dominion Premiers on this issue. As the whole world now knows, the result of these consultations was negative.

So far none of these preliminary rumblings of the impending constitutional storm had been heard in the British Press, which at that time was chiefly concerned with the electrifying effects of the King's tour in the distressed areas, with affairs in Spain, and with the devastating fire which had overtaken the Crystal Palace on November 30. Truly 1936 included the most dramatic November in the history of England.

Tuesday, December 1, brought a thunderbolt. On that day, Dr. Alfred Walter Frank Blunt, Bishop of Bradford, in his address to his Diocesan Conference, said :

"The benefit of the King's Coronation depends, under God, upon two elements: first on the faith, prayer, and self-dedication of the King himself—and on that it would be improper for me to say anything except commend him, and ask you to commend him, to God's grace, which he will so abundantly need, as we all need it—for the King is a man like ourselves—if he is to do his duty faithfully. We hope that he is aware of his need. Some of us wish that he gave more positive signs of his awareness.

"But let me emphasize one point which, I think, is very material for a proper understanding of the intention of the service. It is this: that on

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this occasion the King holds an avowedly representative position. His personal views and opinions are his own, and as an individual he has the right of us all to be the keeper of his own private conscience. But in his public capacity at his Coronation he stands for the English people's idea of kingship. It has for long centuries been, and I hope still is, an essential part of that idea that the King needs the grace of God for his office. In the Coronation ceremony the nation definitely acknowledges that need. Whatever it may mean, much or little, to the individual who is crowned, to the people as a whole it means their dedication of the English Monarchy to the care of God, in whose rule and governance are the hearts of kings.

"Thus, in the second place, not only as important, but far more important than, the King's personal feelings are to his Coronation, are the feelings with which we—the people of England—view it. Our part in the ceremony is to fill it with reality, by the sincerity of our belief in the power of God to overrule for good our national history, and by the sincerity with which we commend King and Nation to His providence."

At the time the speech caused great consternation in the provinces, the Cabinet, and Fleet Street. It was the first occasion upon which anything had been said or published even hinting, however vaguely, at any personal aspect of the position in which the King found himself.

From that day onward events moved with relentless swiftness. The *Manchester Guardian* was the first journal to refer to a constitutional issue, though in guarded terms :



POLICE INSPECTING THE CREDENTIALS OF THOSE SEEKING
ADMISSION TO THE COURT OF ASSIZE AT IPSWICH

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“ . . . there is reason to think that the hastily summoned Cabinet meeting of Friday was concerned not with the troubled state of Europe but with a domestic problem that involves a constitutional issue, since it bears on the relation of the King to his Ministers, and his readiness to be guided, in all matters which may affect the welfare of the British Commonwealth, by the advice which the Prime Minister sees fit to offer.”

The evening newspapers of that day were most reticent, but the fact that rates for insurance against the postponement of the Coronation were rising was in itself significant. On the morning of Wednesday, December 2, the public was shocked into consternation by the headlines which appeared in a number of daily papers and the fuller details given in the evening papers, but not until the following day, December 3, was the story fully and openly discussed in the whole Press.

December 3 must go down to history as the day on which the constitutional crisis became emphatic. On that day, the matter so vital to the whole Empire was made completely and frankly public for the first time. The newspapers came out with bold headlines, and for the first time Mrs. Ernest Simpson's name was mentioned openly. If Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues had hitherto explored every avenue to find a solution to an unprecedented problem, it was the Press who now tried to help in finding a way out. Some suggested that His Majesty could marry as the Duke of Cornwall, and remain on the throne without a Queen. Others, the majority, took a sterner view of the situation, and looked to him to renounce the lady of his choice. Conservative, Independent, and Labour papers were

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unanimous in this view, which coincided with the Government's attitude.

During all this time, and for many days after, there were numberless interviews between King Edward VIII and Mr. Baldwin, who was also harassed for some definite statement in the House of Commons. The concern of the House at that time may be gathered from the following passage between Mr. Attlee, leader of the Labour Opposition, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Winston Churchill, on the afternoon of December 4.

Mr. Attlee rose and inquired : "May I ask the Prime Minister the following question, of which I have given him private notice—namely, whether any constitutional difficulties have arisen, and whether he has a statement to make ?"

Mr. Baldwin's reply was : "I have no statement to make today, but while there does not at present exist any constitutional difficulty, the situation is of such a nature as to make it inexpedient that I should be questioned about it at this stage."

Mr. Attlee pursued : "May I ask the Right Hon. gentleman whether, in view of the anxiety that these reports are causing in the minds of many people, he will assure the House that he will make a statement at the earliest possible time that a statement can be made ?"

Mr. Baldwin : "I can assure the Right Hon. gentleman that all that he says I have very much in mind."

Mr. Churchill : "Will my Right Hon. friend give us an assurance that no irrevocable step will be taken before a formal statement is made to Parliament ?"

Mr. Baldwin : "I have nothing to add to the statement I have made at this present moment. I

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will consider and examine the question that my Right Hon. friend has asked."

The atmosphere in the House became more and more tense, and the gravity of the situation was reflected in the mien of every citizen. Everybody realized that, pending the King's decision, the fate of the monarchy was in the balance.

In the evening papers of December 4, for the first time, the possibility of abdication was hinted at and discussed, increasing the anxiety felt throughout the country. Would the King decide for the Empire and renounce the lady of his choice, or decide to keep the lady and lose the throne?—that was the question on everyone's lips.

On that evening Mr. Baldwin again called at the Palace. The momentousness of that interview may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Baldwin remained at the Palace till 10.40 p.m., after which the King went straight to Marlborough House, where he saw Queen Mary and the Duke and Duchess of York. No one knows what was discussed during this intimate interview; but it did not last long, for soon afterwards the King returned to Buckingham Palace—it was to be for the last time during his reign. The same night he left for his favourite country seat, Fort Belvedere, where the last scenes of this national drama and royal romance were enacted.

There, Wallis Simpson, who had kept her feelings during the stress and strain of recent happenings well in check, was waiting for him, to hear what turn events had taken—and to bid him farewell, for that very night she crossed to France, via Newhaven—Dieppe. Always reticent and tactful, she preferred to withdraw from the floodlights of publicity, and she was fully

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resolved to leave her future to the fateful decision to be made by King Edward.

On the following day reports from the Dominion Premiers began to reach London. Although at that time none of them made any definite comment or statement, their concern at the crisis and their firm support of the Home Government were evident.

Meantime, in London and throughout the country excitement rose to an almost unbearable pitch. At the very time when Wallis Simpson was taking a much-needed rest at the Hotel de la Poste at Rouen, Mr. Baldwin rose in the House of Commons to make a statement defining the Cabinet's attitude and decision concerning the grave problem of King Edward's proposed marriage. This was at 3.45 p.m. on the afternoon of December 4. The House was crowded, the atmosphere tense. The Premier said :

"In view of widely circulated suggestions as to certain possibilities in the event of the King's marriage, I think it advisable to make a statement.

"Suggestions have appeared in certain organs of the Press yesterday, and again today, that, if the King decided to marry, his wife need not become Queen. The ideas are without foundation. There is no such thing as what is called morganatic marriage known to our law.

"The Royal Marriages Act of 1772 has no application to the Sovereign himself. Its only effect is that the marriage of any other member of the Royal Family is null and void unless the Sovereign's consent, declared under the Great Seal, is first obtained. This Act, therefore, has nothing to do with the present case. The King himself requires no consent from any other authority to make his marriage legal.



A STRIKING PICTURE TAKEN AT ASCOT IN 1936

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"But, as I have said, the lady whom he marries, by the fact of her marriage to the King, necessarily becomes Queen. She herself therefore enjoys all the status, rights, and privileges which both by positive law and by custom attach to that position, and with which we are familiar in the case of Her Late Majesty Queen Alexandra and Her Majesty Queen Mary, and her children would be in the direct succession to the Throne.

"The only way in which this result could be avoided would be by legislation dealing with a particular case. His Majesty's Government are not prepared to introduce such legislation.

"Moreover, the matters to be dealt with are of common concern to the Commonwealth as a whole, and such a change could not be effected without the consent of the Dominions. I am satisfied, from inquiries I have made, that this assent would not be forthcoming.

"I have felt it right to make this statement before the House today in order to remove a widespread misunderstanding. At this moment I have no other statement to make."

Thus there could be no further misapprehension as to the Cabinet's attitude in the matter of a morganatic marriage.

On the same Friday evening the Archbishop of Canterbury issued the following statement :

"At this moment of deep anxiety and bewilderment in the public mind I venture to express two earnest hopes.

"The first is that, during this critical week-end, and especially on Sunday, those who have a duty to

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speaking to the people from the pulpit or otherwise will refrain from speaking directly on the matters which have arisen affecting the King himself and his subjects.

"Words spoken with imperfect knowledge of an extremely difficult situation can give no helpful guidance, and may only mislead or confuse public thought and feeling. Silence is fitting until the ultimate decisions are made known.

"Secondly, I hope, and indeed I take it for granted, that on Sunday prayers will be offered in all our churches, as surely they must be continually offered in the hearts of all Christian people, that God may in these momentous hours overrule the decisions of the King and of his Government for the lasting good of the Realm and Empire."

While all this was taking place in England, and while the Dominion Governments, one by one, declared their solidarity with the British Government, Mrs. Simpson pursued her journey to Cannes, literally dogged by interviewers and camera-men. Time and again she had to make detours; more often than not she had to take what meals she could snatch in her car, with blinds drawn. The Press representatives could have spared themselves their time and trouble, for only one of them succeeded in eliciting a few words from Wallis; they were: "The King alone is judge. I have nothing to say except that I want to be left quiet." With this crumb the Press had to be content. Mrs. Simpson was accompanied on this harassing journey by Lord Brownlow, one of King Edward's most trusted friends and Lord-in-Waiting to His Majesty.

Saturday, December 5, was one of the busiest and probably most anxious days in Mr. Baldwin's life.

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There was a special Cabinet meeting in the morning. This was followed by several consultations with Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary. In the evening the Prime Minister again motored to Fort Belvedere for a further audience of the King—the fifth in one week.

On the same Saturday Mr. Winston Churchill issued the following plea to the Press and nation :

“I plead for time and patience. The nation must realize the character of the constitutional issue. There is no question of any conflict between the King and Parliament. Parliament has not been consulted in any way, nor allowed to express any opinion.

“The question is whether the King is to abdicate upon the advice of the Ministry of the day. No such advice has ever before been tendered to a Sovereign in Parliamentary times.

“This is not a case where differences have arisen between the Sovereign and his Ministers on any particular measure. These could certainly be resolved by normal processes of Parliament or dissolution.

“In this case we are in the presence of a wish expressed by the Sovereign to perform an act which in no circumstances can be accomplished for nearly five months, and may conceivably, for various reasons, never be accomplished at all.

“That on such a hypothetical and suppositious basis the supreme sacrifice of abdication and potential exile of the Sovereign should be demanded, finds no support whatever in the British constitution. No Ministry has the authority to advise the abdication of the Sovereign. Only the most serious Parliamentary processes could even raise the issue in a decisive form.

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"The Cabinet has no right to prejudge such a question without having previously ascertained at the very least the will of Parliament. This could, perhaps, be obtained by messages from the Sovereign to Parliament, and by addresses of both Houses after due consideration of these messages.

"For the Sovereign to abdicate incontinently in the present circumstances would inflict an injury upon the constitutional position of the monarchy which is measureless and cannot fail to be grievous to the institution itself, irrespective of the existing occupant of the Throne.

"Parliament would also fail entirely in its duty if it allowed such an event to occur as the signing of an abdication in response to the advice of Ministers without taking all precautions to make sure that these same processes may not be repeated with equal uncanny facility at no distant date in unforeseen circumstances. Clearly time is needed for searching constitutional debate.

"The next question is—What has the King done? If it be true, as is alleged, that the King has proposed to his Ministers legislation which they are not prepared to introduce, the answer of Ministers should not be to call for abdication but to refuse to act upon the King's request, which therefore becomes inoperative.

"If the King refuses to take the advice of his Ministers, they are, of course, free to resign. They have no right whatever to put pressure upon him to accept their advice by soliciting beforehand assurance from the Leader of the Opposition that he will not form an alternative Administration in the event of their resignation, and thus confronting the King with an ultimatum. Again, there is cause for time and patience.



EDWARD VIII ABOUT TO LAND AT DUGI OTOK, JUGO-SLAVIA, DURING THE CRUISE IN AUGUST 1936

"Why cannot time be granted ? The fact that it is beyond the King's power to accomplish the purpose which Ministers oppose until the end of April surely strips the matter of constitutional urgency.

"There may be some inconvenience, but that inconvenience stands on a different plane altogether from the grave constitutional issues I have set forth.

"National and Imperial considerations alike require that, before such a dread step as a demand for abdication is taken, not only should the constitutional position be newly defined by Parliament but that every method should be exhausted which gives the hope of a happier solution.

"Lastly, but surely not least, there is the human and personal aspect.

"The King has been for many weeks under the greatest strain, moral and mental, that can fall upon a man. Not only has he been inevitably subjected to the extreme stress of his public duty, but also the agony of his own personal feelings.

"Surely, if he asks for time to consider the advice of his Ministers, now that at length matters have been brought to this dire culmination, he should not be denied.

"Howsoever this matter may turn, it is pregnant with calamity and inseparable from inconvenience. But all the evil aspects will be aggravated beyond measure if the utmost chivalry and compassion is not shown, both by Ministers and by the British Nation, towards a gifted and beloved King torn between private and public obligations of love and duty.

"The Churches stand for charity. They believe in the efficacy of prayer. Surely their influence

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must not oppose a period of reflection. I plead, I pray, that time and tolerance will not be denied.

"The King has no means of personal access to his Parliament or his people. Between him and them stand in their office the Ministers of the Crown. If they thought it their duty to engage all their power and influence against him, still he must remain silent.

"All the more must they be careful not to be the judge in their own case, and to show a loyal and Christian patience even at some political embarrassment to themselves.

"If an abdication were to be hastily exhorted the outrage so committed would cast its shadows forward across many chapters of the history of the British Empire."

Nor did Sunday bring rest or respite to Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues. There was a further Cabinet meeting, more consultations, a special audience with H.M. Queen Mary.

The Sunday papers did their best to make up for lost time. As well as giving news of the crisis, they were packed with more or less authentic biographical sketches of the leading personages in the drama of which the last act had yet to be written. Vast crowds gathered in Whitehall and in front of Buckingham Palace. Some sang "God Save the King"; others displayed placards assuring King Edward of their loyalty. The demonstrations were orderly and certainly not hostile, though criticisms of Mr. Baldwin were made by a certain section who evidently had not studied the position.

CHAPTER XII

THE FATAL WORD—ABDICATION

ON Monday, when the House met, Mr. Baldwin was received with sympathetic cheers.

Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, who, together with a certain section of the Press, had been counselling delay, rose to ask Mr. Baldwin :

“May I ask the Right Honourable gentleman whether he can at least give us an assurance that the fatal and final step of abdication or acceptance of abdication . . .”

The remainder of the question was lost in uproar. For the first time the fate-laden word **ABDICATION** had been mentioned openly in the House of Commons.

When the noise had subsided, Mr. Attlee rose and quietly asked :

“May I ask the Prime Minister whether he has anything to add to the statement which he made on Friday ?”

Mr. Baldwin, looking tired, replied :

“Yes, sir. I am glad to have the occasion of making a further statement on the position. In considering the whole matter, it has always been, and remains, the earnest desire of the Government to afford His Majesty the fullest opportunity of

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weighing a decision which involves so directly his own future happiness and the interests of all his subjects.

"At the same time they cannot but be aware that any considerable prolongation of the present state of suspense and uncertainty would involve risk of the gravest injury to national and imperial interests, and indeed no one is more insistent upon this aspect of the situation than His Majesty.

"In view of certain statements which have been made about the relation between the Government and the King, I should add that, with the exception of the question of morganatic marriage, no advice has been tendered by the Government to His Majesty, with whom all my conversations have been strictly personal and informal.

"These matters were not raised first by the Government, but by His Majesty himself, in conversation some weeks ago, when he first informed me of his intention to marry Mrs. Simpson whenever she should be free.

"The subject has therefore been for some time in the King's mind, and as soon as His Majesty has arrived at a conclusion as to the course he desires to take, he will no doubt communicate it to his Governments in this country and in the Dominions.

"It will then be for these Governments to decide what advice, if any, they would feel it their duty to tender to him in the light of his conclusion.

"I cannot conclude this statement without expressing—what the whole House feels—our deep and respectful sympathy with His Majesty at this time."

There was thunderous applause as Mr. Baldwin took his seat. Mr. Attlee then rose and said :

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"Everyone will agree with the sympathy expressed by the Prime Minister in the last words of his statement. I am assuming from his statement that His Majesty has not yet come to a decision on the advice tendered to him on a morganatic marriage, and if this is so it is difficult to press the Prime Minister for a further explanation at the present time.

"But I would like to ask him to bear in mind, as I am sure he does, that the House and the country is deeply anxious to receive the fullest information as soon as possible, as without that it is not possible to have any proper discussion on these issues."

The Prime Minister replied :

"I am obliged to the Right Hon. gentleman for the point he has put, and I am grateful to him. I agree with every word of what he says. I shall be only too glad at a suitable moment to give the House any information I am able to, and, while I am always willing to answer supplementary questions, I think the whole House will agree with me that at this moment, when the situation is so grave and anxious, and while the King is considering these matters and has not yet made up his mind, I should feel great difficulty in offering information and answering supplementary questions, especially when considering the answers I shall have to give will have to be improvised."

Meanwhile King Edward remained at Fort Belvedere, keenly watching events, scanning the Press, giving audience only to his Prime Minister and his immediate advisers, as, for instance, to Mr. (now Sir)

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Walter Monckton, K.C., Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall. The King's brothers, the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Kent, were also frequent visitors to Fort Belvedere during those critical days, often staying for hours and calling more than once a day. Of course, they, more than anyone else, were able to appreciate the mental, moral, and physical strain under which Edward VIII was labouring.

And what of Wallis Simpson during these long days of stress? She was living in strictest seclusion at the Villa Lou Viei, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, American friends of old standing. No one was allowed to see her except those members of the household detailed to attend her wants, her hosts, and Lord Brownlow. Her chief solace was that a second, special telephone line had been installed at Lou Viei, making it possible for Wallis and King Edward to converse privately whenever they wished to do so, and frequent were the calls between Cannes and Fort Belvedere. On one occasion, when the King was in a state of particular distress, all lines between Cannes and London (i.e. England) were kept clear for two hours. It is believed that on that occasion the statement about to be made by Mrs. Simpson was discussed. Attempts on the part of pressmen and photographers at gate-crashing into Lou Viei were as fantastic as they were unsuccessful. However, the pressure and inconvenience became such that finally Mrs. Simpson made the following statement, via Lord Brownlow :

"Mrs. Simpson throughout the last few weeks has invariably wished to avoid any action or proposal which would hurt or damage His Majesty or the Throne.

"Today her attitude is unchanged, and she is



DURING THEIR SUMMER HOLIDAY ON THE DALMATIAN COAST

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willing, if such an action would solve the problem, to withdraw forthwith from a situation that has been rendered unhappy and untenable.”

This, everybody will admit, and did admit at the time, was a dignified gesture on Wallis Simpson's part. The newspapers seized upon it avidly ; it was a situation made for them : Mrs. Simpson of her own accord was willing to withdraw from the situation, if such renunciation—for such it amounted to—would solve the problem ! For a brief spell it seemed as if Mrs. Simpson herself would provide the happy solution to the difficult problem. But those who thought thus, and they were many, had reckoned without the King.

The days that followed, so tense with suspense, almost unbearable as they were for the average citizen, must have been a thousand times worse for those who carried the burdens of authority and responsibility. The Cabinet was most tactful in not hurrying His Majesty to make his decision, yet were terribly anxious to know what it would be ; how could they be otherwise ?

In official circles nothing of outstanding importance occurred for the next few days ; there were consultations, there were Cabinet meetings, there were more questions in Parliament, but there was no definite statement. The increasing suspense was showing its effect on business affairs and was beginning to cause inconvenience to the community as a whole. Perhaps worst of all, the tongues of scandal and rumour got busier and busier. Late on Monday night, December 7, there was quite a flutter in the Fleet Street doves when it became known that a special aeroplane had been chartered to fly from Croydon to Cannes at 5 a.m. on the Tuesday morning. In the circumstances

it cannot be wondered at that many thought it was King Edward himself who was to make that flight, leaving his abdication in the hands of his Ministers. The affair was so perplexing, and emotions were running so high, that some people forgot for a moment that the back-door exit had never been King Edward's way. To clear up the matter, it was stated that the aeroplane, which, owing to fog, could not take off till 9.30 a.m., had been chartered for Mr. Theodore Goddard (Mrs. Simpson's solicitor), his clerk, and Dr. Kirkwood. The fact that Dr. Kirkwood happened to be a well-known gynaecologist only served to aggravate rumour, and it was found necessary to point out that Dr. Kirkwood was also Mr. Goddard's personal medical adviser, and that he accompanied Mr. Goddard merely because it was the latter's first flight, during which he might quite possibly require medical assistance. It became known later that Dr. Kirkwood never went near Lou Viei.

By Wednesday, December 9, the British Press became somewhat impatient. The Dominions, too, showed signs of restiveness. It was felt generally that the time had come for Edward VIII's decision. This restiveness was undoubtedly largely due to Mr. Walter Monckton's more and more frequent visits to Fort Belvedere. What could they mean but that the King was taking stock of his financial position in the event of his decision to abdicate?

Meanwhile at Royal Lodge, Windsor Park, there took place one of the saddest, most poignant family reunions of all time. That it should be the first occasion on which the whole Royal Family had met since the death of King George V made it doubly tragic. There were assembled Queen Mary, who was accompanied by her daughter, the Princess Royal, and

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the Earl of Athlone, her brother; the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent. King Edward VIII was the last to join the circle. What they discussed was, of course, never published, but in view of succeeding events it is reasonable to assume that the King informed his family of *his final and irrevocable decision* before it should be made public. Yes, he had decided to abdicate. They all knew what that meant to them as a family. They knew that it meant exile for their son and brother and nephew. They knew, and the King knew, that possibly he would never see his mother again, nor perhaps his brother Albert, who was destined to become his successor. True, legally there was no reason why Edward VIII should not remain in the country or return to it if and when he liked. But in practice this would not be advisable, and King Edward would be the last man to make things more difficult for his brother than he could help.

On that same afternoon, while the Royal Family were forgathered under such distressing circumstances, Mr. Baldwin rose in the House to answer Mr. Attlee's daily question whether he had any further news for Parliament.

Mr. Baldwin: "I regret I am not in a position to add anything today, but I hope to make a statement tomorrow."

Mr. Attlee: "May I ask him whether he can give us good hope that in the statement tomorrow he will realize the anxiety which is continually increasing so long as this matter is not dealt with?"

Mr. Baldwin: "I can assure the Right Hon. gentleman and the House that no one realizes that more than I do."

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Mr. Bellenger : "May I ask the Prime Minister whether he is aware that grave financial inconvenience is being caused to many subjects in this country by the delay in coming to a decision, and will the Prime Minister kindly suggest to His Majesty" (cries of "Oh !") "the necessity of coming to an early decision ?"

Mr. Baldwin : "I can assure Mr. Bellenger that that has not escaped me."

All that evening there were Cabinet meetings and consultations between Ministers and other personages concerned until deep into the night. The Duke of York did not return to 145 Piccadilly until shortly before 9 p.m., having accompanied his elder brother back to Fort Belvedere.

By the time Sir John Simon left No. 10 Downing Street in the early hours of the morning, the stage was set for the drama that was to follow within a few hours.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DIE IS CAST

ON Thursday morning the British newspapers prepared Britain and the world for the shock that was about to come; they all appeared with headlines predicting abdication as "almost certain". During the morning official circles were still fully occupied with details and preliminaries.

Meantime it had been announced by radio that Mr. Baldwin would make a statement at 4 p.m. that afternoon. The House was packed to overflowing. It was an impatient House that had to listen to fifty-one routine questions and replies before Mr. Baldwin rose, advanced to the Bar of the House, bowed low to the Speaker, and said with grave solemnity :

"A message from His Majesty the King, signed by His Majesty's own hand."

Holding the fateful, red-sealed document in his hands, Mr. Baldwin advanced, bowed again, then handed the document to the Speaker.

All heads were bared, and the Speaker's hands were trembling, as he read aloud the words written on that document :

"After long and anxious consideration, I have determined to renounce the Throne to which I succeeded on the death of my father, and I am now communicating this my final and irrevocable decision. Realizing as I do the gravity of this step, I can only hope that I shall have the understanding

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of my people in the decision I have taken and the reasons which have led me to take it.

"I will not enter now into my private feelings, but I would beg that it should be remembered that the burden which constantly rests upon the shoulders of a Sovereign is so heavy that it can only be borne in circumstances different from those in which I now find myself.

"I conceive that I am not overlooking the duty that rests on me to place in the forefront the public interest when I declare that I am conscious that I can no longer discharge this heavy task with efficiency or with satisfaction to myself. I have accordingly this morning executed an instrument of abdication in the terms following :

"I, Edward VIII of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare my irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne for myself and for my descendants and my desire that effect should be given to this Instrument of Abdication immediately.

"In token whereof I have hereunto set my hand this 10th day of December, 1936, in the presence of the Witnesses whose signatures are subscribed.

(Signed) EDWARD R.I."

"My execution of this Instrument has been witnessed by my three brothers, their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent.

"I deeply appreciate the spirit which has actuated the appeals which have been made to me to take a



DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ATHENS

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different decision, and I have, before reaching my final determination, most fully pondered over them. But my mind is made up. Moreover, further delay cannot but be most injurious to the peoples whom I have tried to serve as Prince of Wales and as King and whose future happiness and prosperity are the constant wish of my heart.

"I take my leave of them in the confident hope that the course which I have thought it right to follow is that which is best for the stability of the Throne and Empire and the happiness of my peoples. I am deeply sensible of the consideration which they have always extended to me, both before and after my accession to the Throne, and which I know they will extend in full measure to my successor.

"I am most anxious that there should be no delay of any kind in giving effect to the Instrument which I have executed, and that all necessary steps should be taken immediately to secure that my lawful successor, my brother, His Royal Highness the Duke of York, should ascend the Throne.

EDWARD R.I."

The House was wrapped in silence at these portentous words ; then Mr. Baldwin rose to move that :

"His Majesty's most gracious message be now considered."

An awe-inspired House listened to Mr. Baldwin's story of how one of the most popular monarchs in British history had decided to renounce his throne for the woman he loved so deeply. This is what Mr. Baldwin at long last was able to reveal to the Members of the House of Commons and its crowded galleries, in possibly his best and certainly his most dramatic speech in Parliament :

"No more grave message has ever been received by Parliament, and no more difficult—I may almost say repugnant—task has ever been imposed upon a Prime Minister. I would ask the House, which I know will not be without sympathy for me in my position today, to remember that in this last week I have had but little time in which to compose a speech for delivery today, so I must tell what I have to tell truthfully, sincerely, and plainly, with no attempt to dress up or to adorn. I shall have little or nothing to say in the way of comment or criticism, or of praise or of blame. I think my best course today, and the one that the House would desire, is to tell them, so far as I can, what has passed between His Majesty and myself, and what led up to the present situation.

"I should like to say at the start that His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, has honoured me for many years with a friendship which I value, and I know that he would agree with me in saying to you that it was not only a friendship but, between man and man, a friendship of affection. I would like to tell the House that when we said 'Good-bye' on Tuesday night at Fort Belvedere we both knew, and felt, and said to each other that that friendship, so far from being impaired by the discussions of this last week, bound us more closely together than ever, and would last for life.

"Now, sir, the House will want to know how it was that I had my first interview with His Majesty. I may say that His Majesty has been most generous in allowing me to tell the House the pertinent parts of the discussions which took place between us. As the House is aware, I had been ordered in August and September a complete rest, which, owing to the

kindness of my staff and the consideration of all my colleagues, I was able to enjoy to the full, and when October came, although I had been ordered to take a rest in that month, I felt that I could not in fairness to my work take a further holiday, and I came, as it were, on half-time before the middle of October, and, for the first time since the beginning of August, was in a position to look into things.

"There were two things that disquieted me at that moment. There was coming to my office a vast volume of correspondence, mainly at that time from British subjects and American citizens of British origin in the United States of America, from some of the Dominions, and from this country, all expressing perturbation and uneasiness at what was then appearing in the American Press. I was aware also that there was, in the near future, a divorce case coming on, the results of which made me realize that possibly a difficult situation might arise later, and I felt that it was essential that someone should see His Majesty and warn him of the difficult situation that might arise later if occasion was given for a continuation of this kind of gossip and of criticism, and the danger that might come if that gossip and that criticism spread from the other side of the Atlantic to this country. I felt that in the circumstances there was only one man who could speak to him and talk the matter over with him, and that man was the Prime Minister. I felt doubly bound to do it by my duty, as I conceived it, to the country, and my duty to him, not only as a counsellor but as a friend. I consulted, I am ashamed to say—and they have forgiven me—none of my colleagues.

"I happened to be staying in the neighbourhood of Fort Belvedere about the middle of October,

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and I ascertained that His Majesty was leaving his house on Sunday, October 18th, to entertain a small shooting-party at Sandringham, and that he was leaving on the Sunday afternoon. I telephoned from my friend's house on the Sunday morning, and found that he had left earlier than was expected. In those circumstances I communicated with him through his secretary, and stated that I desired to see him—this is the first and only occasion on which I was the one who asked for an interview—that I desired to see him, that the matter was urgent. I told him what it was. I expressed my willingness to come to Sandringham on Tuesday, the 20th, but I said that I thought it wiser, if His Majesty thought fit, to see me at Fort Belvedere, for I was anxious that no one at that time should know of my visit, and that at any rate our first talk should be in complete privacy. The reply came from His Majesty that he would motor back on the Monday, 19th October, to Fort Belvedere, and he would see me on the Tuesday morning. And on the Tuesday morning I saw him.

“Sir, I may say, before I proceed to the details of the conversation, that an adviser to the Crown can be of no possible service to his master unless he tells him at all times the truth as he sees it, whether that truth be welcome or not. And let me say here, as I may say several times before I finish, that during those talks, when I look back, there is nothing I have not told His Majesty of which I felt he ought to be aware—nothing. His Majesty's attitude all through has been—let me put it in this way: never has he shown any sign of offence, of being hurt at anything I have said to

him. The whole of our discussions have been carried out, as I have said, with an increase, if possible, of that mutual respect and regard in which we stood. I told His Majesty that I had two great anxieties: one, the effect of a continuance of the kind of criticism that at that time was proceeding in the American Press; the effect it would have in the Dominions, and particularly in Canada, where it was widespread, the effect it would have in this country.

"That was the first anxiety. And then I reminded him of what I had often told him and his brothers in years past. The British Monarchy is a unique institution. The Crown in this country through the centuries has been deprived of many of its prerogatives, but today, while that is true, it stands for far more than it ever has done in its history. The importance of its integrity is, beyond all question, far greater than it has ever been, being as it is not only the last link of Empire that is left but the guarantee in this country, so long as it exists in that integrity, against many evils that have affected and afflicted other countries. There is no man in this country, to whatever party he may belong, who would not subscribe to that. But while this feeling largely depends on the respect that has grown up in the last three generations for the Monarchy, it might not take so long, in face of the kind of criticisms to which it was being exposed, to lose that power far more rapidly than it was built up, and once lost, I doubt if anything could restore it.

"That was the basis of my talk on that aspect, and I expressed my anxiety and desire that such criticism should not have cause to go on. I said that, in my view, no popularity in the long run

would be weighed against the effect of such criticism. I told His Majesty that I for one had looked forward to his reign being a great reign in a new age—he has so many of the qualities necessary—and that I hoped we should be able to see our hopes realized. I told him I had come—naturally, I was his Prime Minister—but I wanted to talk it over with him as a friend to see if I could help him in this matter. Perhaps I am saying what I should not say here ; I have not asked him whether I might say this, but I will say it because I do not think he would mind, and I think it illustrates the basis on which our talks proceeded. He said to me, not once, but many times during those many, many hours we have had together, and especially towards the end, ‘You and I must settle this matter together ; I will not have anyone interfering.’

“I then pointed out the danger of the divorce proceedings ; that if a verdict was given in that case that left the matter in suspense for some time, that period of suspense might be dangerous, because then everyone would be talking, and when once the Press began, as it must begin some time in this country, a most difficult situation would arise for me, for him, and there might well be a danger which both he and I had seen all through this—I shall come to that later—and it was one of the reasons why he wanted to take this action quickly—that is, that there might be sides taken and factions grow up in this country in a matter where no faction ought ever to exist.

“It was on that aspect of the question that we talked for an hour, and I went away glad that the ice had been broken, because I knew that it had to be broken. For some little time we had no



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further meetings. I begged His Majesty to consider all that I had said. I said that I pressed him for no kind of answer, but would he consider everything I had said? The next time I saw him was on Monday, November 16. That was at Buckingham Palace. By that date the *decree nisi* had been pronounced in the divorce case. His Majesty had sent for me on that occasion. I had meant to see him later in the week, but he had sent for me first. I felt it my duty to begin the conversation, and I spoke to him for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes on the question of marriage.

"Again, we must remember that the Cabinet had not been in this at all—I had reported to about four of my senior colleagues the conversation at Fort Belvedere. I saw the King on Monday, November 16, and I began by giving him my view of a possible marriage. I told him that I did not think that a particular marriage was one that would receive the approbation of the country. That marriage would have involved the lady becoming Queen. I did tell His Majesty once that I might be a remnant of the old Victorians, but that my worst enemy would not say of me that I did not know what the reaction of the English people would be to any particular course of action, and I told him that, so far as they went, I was certain that that would be impracticable. I cannot go further into the details, but that was the substance. I pointed out to him that the position of the King's wife was different from the position of the wife of any other citizen in the country; it was part of the price which the King has to pay. His wife becomes Queen; the Queen becomes the Queen of the country; and, therefore, in the choice of a Queen

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the voice of the people must be heard. It is the truth expressed in those lines that may come to your minds :

“His will is not his own ;
For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole State.*

“Then His Majesty said to me—I have his permission to state this—that he wanted to tell me something that he had long wanted to tell me. He said, ‘I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson, and I am prepared to go.’ I said, ‘Sir, that is most grievous news, and it is impossible for me to make any comment on it today.’ He told the Queen that night ; he told the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester the next day, and the Duke of Kent, who was out of London, either on the Wednesday or the Thursday ; and for the rest of the week, so far as I know, he was considering that point.

“He sent for me again on Wednesday, November 25. In the meantime a suggestion had been made to me that a possible compromise might be arranged to avoid those two possibilities that had been seen, first in the distance and then approaching nearer and nearer. The compromise was that the King should marry, that Parliament should pass an Act enabling the lady to be the King's wife without the position of Queen ; and when I saw His Majesty on November 25 he asked me whether that proposition had been put to me, and I said yes. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him that

* Hamlet, I, iii.

I had not considered it. I said, 'I can give you no considered opinion.' If he asked me my first reaction informally, my first reaction was that Parliament would never pass such a Bill. But I said that if he desired it I would examine it formally. He said he did so desire. Then I said, 'It will mean my putting that formally before the whole Cabinet, and communicating with the Prime Ministers of all Dominions, and was that his wish?' He told me that it was. I said that I would do it.

"On December 2 the King asked me to go and see him. Again I had intended asking for an audience later that week, because such inquiries as I thought proper to make I had not completed. The inquiries had gone far enough to show that neither in the Dominions nor here would there be any prospect of such legislation being accepted. His Majesty asked me if I could answer his question. I gave him the reply that I was afraid it was impracticable for those reasons. I do want the House to realize this: His Majesty said he was not surprised at that answer. He took my answer with no question, and he never recurred to it again. I want the House to realize—because if you can put yourselves in His Majesty's place, and you know what His Majesty's feelings are, and you know how glad you would have been had this been possible—that he behaved there as a great gentleman; he said no more about it. The matter was closed. I never heard another word about it from him. That decision was, of course, a formal decision, and that was the only formal decision of any kind taken by the Cabinet until I come to the history of yesterday. When we had finished that conversation, I pointed out that the possible alternatives had been narrowed,

and that it really had brought him into the position that he would be placed in a grievous situation between two conflicting loyalties in his own heart—either complete abandonment of the project on which his heart was set, and remaining as King, or doing as he intimated to me that he was prepared to do, in the talk which I have reported, going, and later on contracting that marriage, if it were possible. During the last days, from that day until now, that has been the struggle in which His Majesty has been engaged. We had many talks, and always on the various aspects of this limited problem.

“The House must remember—it is difficult to realize—that His Majesty is not a boy, although he looks so young. We have all thought of him as our Prince, but he is a mature man, with wide and great experience of life and the world, and he always had before him three, nay, four, things, which, in these conversations at all hours, he repeated again and again : that if he went, he would go with dignity. He would not allow a situation to arise in which he could not do that. He wanted to go with as little disturbance of his Ministers and his people as possible. He wished to go in circumstances that would make the succession of his brother as little difficult for his brother as possible ; and I may say that any idea to him of what might be called a King’s party was abhorrent. He stayed down at Fort Belvedere because he said that he was not coming to London while these things were in dispute, because of the cheering crowds. I honour and respect him for the way in which he behaved at that time.

“I have something here which, I think, will touch the House. It is a pencilled note, sent to

me by His Majesty this morning, and I have his authority for reading it. It is just scribbled in pencil :

“‘Duke of York. He and the King have always been on the best of terms as brothers, and the King is confident that the Duke deserves and will receive the support of the whole Empire.’

“I would say a word or two on the King’s position. The King cannot speak for himself. The King has told us that he cannot carry, and does not see his way to carry, these almost intolerable burdens of kingship without a woman at his side, and we know that. This crisis, if I may use the word, has arisen now rather than later from that very frankness of His Majesty’s character which is one of his many attractions. It would have been perfectly possible for His Majesty not to have told me of this at the date when he did, and not to have told me for some months to come. But he realized the damage that might be done in the interval by gossip, rumours, and talk, and he made that declaration to me when he did on purpose to avoid what he felt might be dangerous, not only here but throughout the Empire, to the moral force of the Crown which we are all determined to sustain.

“He told me his intentions, and he has never wavered from them. I want the House to understand that. He felt it his duty to take into his anxious consideration all the representations that his advisers might give him, and not until he had fully considered them did he make public his decision. There has been no kind of conflict in this matter. My efforts during these last days have

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been directed, as have the efforts of those most closely round him, in trying to help him to make the choice which he has not made ; and we have failed. The King has made his decision to take this moment to send this gracious message because of his confidence that by that he will preserve the unity of this country, and of the whole Empire, and avoid those factious differences which might so easily have arisen.

“It is impossible, unfortunately, to avoid talking to some extent today about one’s self. These last days have been days of great strain, but it was a great comfort to me, and I hope it will be to the House, when I was assured before I left him on Tuesday night, by that intimate circle that was with him at the Fort that evening, that I had left nothing undone that I could have done to move him from the decision at which he had arrived, and which he has communicated to us. While there is not a soul among us who will not regret this from the bottom of his heart, there is not a soul here today that wants to judge. We are not judges. He has announced his decision. He has told us what he wants us to do, and I think we must close our ranks and do it.

“At a later stage this evening I shall ask leave to bring in the necessary Bill so that it may be read the first time, printed, and made available to members. It will be available in the Vote Office as soon as the House has ordered the Bill to be printed. The House will meet tomorrow at the usual time, eleven o’clock, when we shall take the second reading and the remaining stages of the Bill. It is very important that it should be passed into law tomorrow, and I shall put on the Order Paper



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tomorrow a motion to take Private Members' time, and to suspend the Four o'Clock Rule.

"I have only two other things to say. The House will forgive me for saying now something which I should have said a few minutes ago. I have told them of the circumstances under which I am speaking, and they have been very generous and sympathetic. Yesterday morning, when the Cabinet received the King's final and definite answer officially, they passed a Minute, and in accordance with it I sent a message to His Majesty, which he has been good enough to permit me to read to the House, with his reply.

"Mr. Baldwin, with his humble duty to the King.

"This morning Mr. Baldwin reported to the Cabinet his interview with Your Majesty yesterday, and informed his colleagues that Your Majesty then communicated to him informally your firm and definite intention to renounce the Throne.

"The Cabinet received this statement of Your Majesty's intention with profound regret, and wished Mr. Baldwin to convey to Your Majesty immediately the unanimous feeling of Your Majesty's servants.

"Ministers are reluctant to believe that Your Majesty's resolve is irrevocable, and still venture to hope that before Your Majesty pronounces any formal decision Your Majesty may be pleased to reconsider an intention which must so deeply distress and so vitally affect all Your Majesty's subjects.

"Mr. Baldwin is at once communicating

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with the Dominion Prime Ministers for the purpose of letting them know that Your Majesty has now made to him the informal intimation of Your Majesty's intention.'

"His Majesty's reply was received last night.

"The King has received the Prime Minister's letter of the 9th December, 1936, informing him of the views of the Cabinet.

"His Majesty has given the matter his further consideration, but regrets that he is unable to alter his decision.'

"My last words on that subject are that I am convinced that where I have failed no one could have succeeded. His mind was made up, and those who know His Majesty best will know what that means.

"This House today is a theatre which is being watched by the whole world. Let us conduct ourselves with that dignity which His Majesty is showing in this hour of his trial. Whatever our regret at the contents of the message, let us fulfil his wish, do what he asks, and do it with speed. Let no word be spoken today that the utterer of that word may regret in days to come; let no word be spoken that causes pain to any soul; and let us not forget today the revered and beloved figure of Queen Mary, what all this time has meant to her, and think of her when we have to speak, if speak we must, during this debate. We have, after all, as the guardians of democracy in this little island, to see that we do our work to maintain the integrity of that democracy, and of the monarchy which, as

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I said at the beginning of my speech, is now the sole link of our whole Empire, and the guardian of our freedom. Let us look forward and remember our country and the trust reposed by our country in this the House of Commons, and let us rally behind the new King—[Hon. Members: "Hear hear"]—stand behind him, and help him; and let us hope that, whatever the country may have suffered by what we are passing through, it may soon be repaired, and that we may take what steps we can in trying to make this country a better country for all the people in it."

When Mr. Baldwin resumed his seat there was a crash of tremendous cheering. His speech had been marked by a simplicity and understanding that will go down to history as perhaps the greatest achievement of his career.

Although there was little left to be said, Mr. Attlee rose and, addressing the Speaker, inquired:

"Mr. Speaker. In view of the grave and important message which has been received from His Majesty, I would ask you whether it would not be desirable to suspend the sitting till, say, six o'clock, in order that members may give it due consideration."

The Speaker concurred, and the sitting was suspended at 4.33 p.m. to be resumed at six o'clock the same evening.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OPPOSITION TAKES ITS STAND

DURING the dramatic adjournment the lobbies and corridors of the Commons were crowded to suffocation. The Parliamentary Labour Party assembled in a special room to discuss their attitude in view of recent revelations.

When the House reassembled at the agreed hour, the Speaker immediately called on Mr. Attlee, who rose and said :

“This occasion does not, in my view, call for long and eloquent speeches. My words will be few and simple. We have all heard with profound concern the message from His Majesty the King. The Prime Minister has related to us the course of events that have led up to this momentous act. The King has decided that he can no longer continue on the Throne. The whole country will receive the news with deep sorrow, and his subjects in these islands and throughout the British Dominions beyond the seas will feel a sense of personal loss. I am certain that, throughout these anxious days, he has had the sympathy of all in the tragic dilemma with which he has been faced. That sympathy is due not only to the nature of the issue, involving as it does the strongest human emotions, but to the personal affection which he has inspired in his people. No British Monarch has been so well

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known by his subjects. The people, not only in this country but throughout the Commonwealth and the Empire, have seen in him not a remote Ruler but a man who was personally acquainted with many of them and had visited the places where they live.

"For many years, as the Prince of Wales, he served his country. He shared its joys and sorrows in the dark days of the war and in time of peace. It seems but the other day that he was called upon to take the greater responsibilities of Sovereign over a quarter of the peoples of the world. We all know his personal charm, his courage, and his ready sympathy with suffering. We on these benches can never forget how he felt for the miners in their time of trial, and how he showed his deep interest in the unemployed and the people of the distressed areas. Now he has had to make a difficult choice. Powerful, personal, and human considerations have conflicted with the obligations and responsibilities of his high calling. I am sure that all of us have been trying to think of some way by which this conflict could be resolved. We realized the grave objections to every course, and we hoped it would not come to abdication ; but the King has made his decision. He has resolved to abide by it, and we can do no other than accept it.

"The wish of all his people will be that he may have a long and happy life. We can all appreciate the strain which these events have placed on the Prime Minister, and he is entitled to our sympathy. The country has received a severe shock. It will take time to recover. The position of anyone who, in these days of pressing problems at home and abroad, is called upon to accept the Throne in these

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unprecedented circumstances, is obviously one of very great strain. It will be the endeavour of all of us to do what we may to lighten that burden. I would like to express on behalf of myself and my colleagues our deepest sympathy with Queen Mary and the other Members of the Royal Family."

To this Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Opposition Liberals, had the following remarks to add :

"The whole country and the Empire have been passing through days of stress and tension, and the climax to which events have now marched has aroused in all of us the deepest feelings of grief and frustration. We are bound to our King not only by formal and solemn ties, by our oaths of allegiance and by our recognition of the Crown as the link which unites all the peoples of the Empire, but also by those closer and more personal links which the Leader of the Opposition has so simply and so eloquently described, and which the King has forged between himself and his people—people of all classes, of all creeds, and of all races in every part of his Dominions—during nearly a quarter of a century of royal service. The rupture of those ties is profoundly painful to us all. It must be most painful to those Right Honourable gentlemen who, during these brief months of his reign, have been his Ministers and confidential advisers ; above all, to the Prime Minister, his closest and most intimate adviser, who deserves our sympathy, and today also our gratitude, for the grave but clear and moving statement which it was his melancholy duty to make to us this afternoon.



L. to r.: LORD BROWNLOW, MRS. HERMAN ROGERS, MRS. SIMPSON
AND MR. HERMAN ROGERS AT THE VILLA LOU VIEI AT CANNES

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"Let us also gratefully and respectfully acclaim the political wisdom which His Majesty has shown in discountenancing any attempt to divide the country on the issues to which his proposed marriage gave rise. It is in large measure due to His Majesty's wise and strong restraint, and to his recognition of the supremacy of Parliament and the constitutional responsibility of Ministers, that the Crown has not become involved in our political controversies, but remains above and aloof from them.

"The Leader of the Opposition spoke of the earnestness and the anxiety with which all of us have been exploring the possibility of finding some means by which this conflict could be resolved. The Prime Minister referred to the possibility of a Morganatic Marriage Bill ; I think it is only right to tell the House that I could not have supported it. It is not only the law of our country but it is also, I believe, a sound, healthy, and essential element in the monarchical principle itself, that the lady whom the King marries must become Queen and share with him, before the whole people, the glorious burden of Sovereignty. Such a Bill would, moreover, under the Statute of Westminster, have had to pass through all the Parliaments of the United Kingdom and the Dominions before it could have become valid in this country or in any of the Dominions, and the attempt to do so would have involved the Throne in prolonged controversy which would have gravely impaired its prestige and dignity. In my judgment the Government had no option but to reject the proposal.

"No man deserves more the generous sympathy and support of the British people at this time than the devoted brother and loyal subject of the present

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King, whose duty it will be to succeed him on the Throne. He has enjoyed some, but not all, of the opportunities which long tenure of the dignity of Prince of Wales usually affords the Heir to the Throne, of becoming well known to the people of this country; but he has worked hard for many good causes. Thousands of young people who have shared with him the unconventional delights of camp life can testify to his good comradeship and democratic instincts. None will doubt his sincerity and high sense of public duty, and all will welcome to the Throne that gracious lady his wife, who was born a commoner but has won the hearts of the British people by showing a clear and just conception of royal duty and opportunity in a democratic country.

"Grief-stricken as we are today, it is our duty to face the future with clear eyes and firm resolve. Any prolongation of the crisis would be fraught with peril. For my own part, I doubt whether under any system of Government a crisis of this gravity could be solved with as little disturbance to the body politic as under our system of constitutional monarchy. This, at any rate, is certain: that the prompt action which the King himself has enjoined upon us will best serve the dignity of the Throne, the reputation of our Parliamentary institutions, and the happiness, prosperity, and peace of the British people."

After this, there remained to be seen what Mr. Winston Churchill would have to say.

The atmosphere of the House was more tense than ever when Mr. Churchill rose and the Speaker immediately called his name. Everybody present was

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preparing for a dramatic scene in view of Mr. Churchill's earlier utterances, and the printing-presses in Fleet Street made ready for a scorching denouncement. This is what Mr. Winston Churchill had to say :

"Nothing is more certain or more obvious than that recrimination or controversy at this time would be not only useless but harmful and wrong. What is done is done. What has been done, or left undone, belongs to history, and to history, so far as I am concerned, it shall be left. I will therefore make two observations only. The first is this : It is clear from what we have been told this afternoon that there was at no time any constitutional issue between the King and his Ministers, or between the King and Parliament. The supremacy of Parliament over the Crown ; the duty of the Sovereign to act in accordance with the advice of his Ministers ; neither of those was ever at any moment in question. Supporting my Right Hon. friend, the leader of the Liberal Party, I venture to say that no Sovereign has ever conformed more strictly or more faithfully to the letter and spirit of the Constitution than his present Majesty. In fact, he has voluntarily made a sacrifice for the peace and strength of his Realm which go far beyond the bounds required by the law and the Constitution. This is my first observation.

"My second is this : I have, throughout, pleaded for time. Anyone can see how grave would have been the evils of protracted controversy ; on the other hand it was, in my view, our duty to endure these evils, even at serious inconvenience, if there was any hope that time would bring a solution.

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Whether there was any hope or not is a mystery which, at the present time, it is impossible to resolve. Time was also important from another point of view. It was essential that there should be no room for aspersions, after the event, that the King had been hurried to his decision. I believe that, if this decision had been taken last week, it could not have been declared that it was an unhurried decision, so far as the King himself was concerned, but now I accept whole-heartedly what the Prime Minister has proved: namely, that the decision taken this week has been taken by His Majesty freely, voluntarily, and spontaneously, in his own time and in his own way. As I have been looking at this matter, as is well known, from an angle different from that of most Hon. Members, I thought it my duty to place this fact also upon record.

"That is all I have to say upon the disputable part of this matter, but I hope the House will bear with me for a minute or two, because it was my duty as Home Secretary, more than a quarter of a century ago, to stand beside His Majesty and proclaim his style and titles at his investiture as Prince of Wales amid the sunlit battlements of Caernarvon Castle, and ever since then he has honoured me here, and also in war-time, with his personal kindness and, I may even say, friendship. I should have been ashamed if, in my independent and unofficial position, I had not cast about for every lawful means, even the most forlorn, to keep him on the Throne of his fathers, to which he only recently succeeded amid the hopes and prayers of all. In this Prince there were discerned qualities of courage, of simplicity, of sympathy and, above all, of sincerity, qualities rare and precious which

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might have made his Reign glorious in the annals of this ancient Monarchy. It is the acme of tragedy that these very virtues should, in the private sphere, have led only to this melancholy and bitter conclusion. But, although our hopes today are withered, still I will assert that his personality will not go down uncherished to future ages, that it will be particularly remembered in the homes of his poorer subjects, and that they will ever wish from the bottoms of their hearts for his private peace and happiness, and for the happiness of those who are dear to him.

"I must say one word more, and I say it especially to those here and out of doors—and do not under-rate their numbers—who are most poignantly afflicted by what has occurred. Danger gathers upon our path. We cannot afford—we have no right—to look back. We must look forward; we must obey the exhortation of the Prime Minister to look forward. The stronger the advocate of monarchical principle a man may be, the more zealously must he now endeavour to fortify the Throne, and to give His Majesty's successor that strength which can only come from the love of a united nation and Empire."

In spite of Mr. Churchill's admirable speech and his dignified resignation to the inevitable, which had aroused everyone's admiration, the debate was not yet at an end. Members of minor Opposition parties had endeavoured to catch the Speaker's eye.

"Mr. Maxton," called the Speaker. Mr. Maxton, brushing aside that unruly strand of hair from his forehead, jumped to his feet, eager to state his and his followers' views on this fateful matter.

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"I rise to say a few words on this unprecedented situation in which the House of Commons finds itself today," he said, "and I realize that I am speaking in a House in which an overwhelming proportion of the membership is under feelings of very strong emotion. I respect these emotions, although I do not entirely share them. The monarchical institutions of this land date back to very early times, and by many are regarded as sacrosanct and everlasting. I share with others in this House the human sympathies that go out to His Majesty as a man confronted with the difficulties with which he as a man has been confronted in these recent weeks. I share the same human sympathies with the Prime Minister, who has had to shoulder a task which few if any of the occupants of his office have ever had to shoulder before, and, in the nature of the case, has had to shoulder it alone. The decisions that he has made are, I believe, in strict accordance with his Conservative principles, on which he has been chosen as the leader of this country in the House of Commons, and, therefore, I make no criticism of them whatever. But I do say that, in the very nature of the monarchical institutions on an hereditary basis, circumstances of this kind were bound to arise, and they have arisen now in conditions which have created very grave difficulties for this country and for the Empire over the seas.

"It is a question whether now this House will not be prepared to look at this particular political problem that has been forced upon our attention today as a practical political problem, one among many that intelligent men in the twentieth century must confront, recognizing that the problems of

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our age cannot be met and solved with the ideas and the institutions which have come down to us from earlier times. We are living in a new kind of world, with new kinds of problems, and the institutions that date back centuries, however much reverence they may inspire because of their ancient origin and the traditions and associations that have become attached to them over the centuries, are not necessarily the institutions which can cope with the problems of modern times. We therefore intend, however it may be against the general run of opinion in this House, to take strongly the view that the lesson of the past few days, and of this day in particular, is that the monarchical institution has now outlived its usefulness. [Cries of "No!"] The happenings of the past few days have only indicated the grave perils that confront a country that has as its centralizing, unifying figure an hereditary personality who at any time may break under the force of the circumstances that gather round about him. We hope to take the opportunity given us, when steps are being taken to make good the evil and injury that have already been done, to try to persuade this House now to face the situation with the idea in their minds that for the future Great Britain and its allied countries across the seas shall become, among other advanced countries in the world, one of the republican nations."

Next Colonel Josiah Wedgwood rose to apologize for his intervention during the early days of the crisis.

"I put a Motion on the Paper, and I do not regret it; but, after the sincere and admirable

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speech of the Prime Minister, that Motion is dead. I could have wished that the King had been allowed to live here married, happy, and King, but he has wished otherwise. A thousand years hence, perhaps, we shall be liberal enough to allow such a thing; it is too early now. He has been very kind to me and to a great many people throughout this Empire personally known to him, and I think we may all wish him a happy life there, if not here. The Right Hon. gentleman has made it perfectly clear that, in spite of what I wished, and many others wished, there were really only two alternatives—to continue lonely, disappointed, bitter, ruling the Empire, or else to do what he has done, to throw up royalty and remain a man. We shall all commend him for that choice of the two, for nothing could have been worse than a Kingdom ruled by a man with a grievance, partly hostile to every Minister who had put him in the dilemma—[Hon. Members: "No!"]—collecting round him false friends—[Hon. Members: "No!"]—collecting round him those who would use the King's feelings against the Ministry and against the Constitution. That would be an alternative which everyone must have seen ahead of us, the most dreadful alternative. Tomorrow we shall take a new Oath of Allegiance. There will be no non-jurors this time, because it is by the King's wish that we take it. There will be no non-jurors below the Gangway, no non-jurors throughout the country. There will be, I would say, millions of people with aching hearts. They will carry on for England. They will take that oath because he wished it, and, if they sometimes raise their glass to the King across the water, who shall blame them?"

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Everybody thought that this would close the debate, but the Speaker, noticing Mr. William Gallacher's impatience, called upon the Communist member to give his views. Said Mr. Gallacher :

"I would like just to remark that the concluding sentence of the Right Hon. gentleman the Member for Epping (Mr. Churchill) happened to be the first note that I have in my hand. Danger lies before us, and it is going to be very bad if we close our eyes to that fact. It is very nice to hear Right Hon. Members talking about the necessity for all standing together, but how was it possible that such a crisis as has arisen should come upon us ? The King and Mrs. Simpson do not live in a vacuum. Sinister processes are continually at work.

"I would direct your attention to the fact that the Prime Minister told us that he was approached about a morganatic marriage, but he did not tell us who approached him. He told us that, when he went to the King later, the King asked him if he had been approached on this matter. It is obvious that forces were operating, advising and encouraging what was going on. It is a year since I heard about Mrs. Simpson. Perhaps it is the same with other Members. No one paid very much attention to Mrs. Simpson or to what she was doing until more and more difficulties arose in Europe, and then there was a move for a *decree nisi*. This is not something decided on by the King and Mrs. Simpson on their own. I want to make it understood, if I possibly can, that we have here not an issue between the King and Parliament, for Parliament has never been consulted from beginning to end—interviews, secret and otherwise, but Parliament not consulted, and the

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forces operating, two forces fighting with one another on this issue, as they have been fighting continually on every important issue that has come on foreign policy. I am concerned with the working class. I see terrible dangers arising. There is not an Hon. Member here who, if he asks himself the question, believes that this finishes the crisis and that the forces which have been operating behind this will now stop. There is victory for one group at the moment, but they will not stop. The forces will go on.

"I want to draw attention to the fact that Mrs. Simpson has a social set, and every Member of the Cabinet knows that the social set of Mrs. Simpson is closely identified with a certain foreign Government and the Ambassador of that foreign Government. It is common knowledge, and round about this issue is the issue that is continually arising when other Debates come on. I say it is not an issue between the King and Parliament. It is an issue between two groups which are fighting continually for domination, and it is a thousand pities that the Labour Movement should show any signs of falling into the trap. The only hope for the working class is that the Labour Movement should adopt an independent policy and pursue it against these groups, accept the proposal of the Hon. Member for Bridgeton (Mr. Maxton) and finish with it all. No one can go out before the people of the country and give any justification for clinging to the Monarchy. You all know it. You will not be able, no matter what you do, to repair the damage that has been done to the Monarchical institution. If you allow things to go on as they are going, you will encourage factions to grow, and factions will

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grow, of a dangerous and desperate character, so far as the mass of the people are concerned. I appeal to the Labour Movement to take strong, determined action to arouse the people of the country to the urgent need of uniting all their forces for peace and progress in face of the dangers that lie in their path—the very terrible dangers that are bound to confront us in the very near future.”

But Mr. George Buchanan had the last word for the Opposition :

“I feel that I ought to express my own view and go a step farther than my Hon. friend the Member for Bridgeton (Mr. Maxton). I should not be honest if I did not do so. I have listened to more cant and humbug than I have ever listened to in my life. I have heard praise of the King which was not felt sincerely in any quarter of the House. I go further. Who has not heard the tittle-tattle and gossip that is going about ? If he had not voluntarily stepped from the Throne, everyone knows that the same people in the House who pay lip-service to him would have poured out scorn, abuse, and filth. Some months ago we opposed the Civil List. Tomorrow we shall take the same line. I have no doubt that you will go on praising the next King as you have praised this one. You will go on telling about his wonderful qualities. If he is a tenth as good as you say, why are you not keeping him ? Why is everyone wanting to unload him ? Because you know he is a weak creature. You want to get rid of him and you are taking the step today.

“The great tragedy of it is this : If an ordinary

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workman had been in this mess, everyone in the House of Commons would have been ashamed of him. You would have refused him benefit. You would have ill-treated him. Look at the Minister of Labour sneering at collusive action. [Cries of "No, no !"] Everyone knows it. The whole Law Courts were set at defiance for this man. A divorce case was taken when everyone of you know it was a breaking of the law. What are you talking nonsense about ? The law is desecrated. The Law Courts are thrust aside. There is an association which everyone of you know is collusive action. If a little boy in Wales leaves his mother to get 7s. extra, he has to stand the jeers and taunts of a miserable Minister of Labour. Talk to me about fairness, about decency, about equality ! You are setting aside your laws for a rich, pampered Royalty. The next set will be pampered too. You will lie and praise them and try to laud them above ordinary men. Instead of having the ordinary frailties that all of us have, they will have this additional one, of being surrounded with a set of flunkies who refuse to let them know the truth as others do. Tomorrow I will willingly take the step of going out and saying it is time the people ceased to trust those folk, but only trusted their own power and their own elected authority."

It was left to Captain Sir Ian Fraser to close the discussion with these conciliatory remarks :

"I feel sure that the House and the country will feel that any degree to which we can contribute towards avoiding controversy will be for the good of the Realm. I only want to say two things, not



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in any representative capacity, but as an old soldier. No group in the community enjoys to a greater degree the understanding, the sympathy, and the goodwill of His Majesty than ex-Service men. I am certain that they will feel not merely that they have lost one who has worked for them for a quarter of a century, but a personal friend. But no group has a deeper sense of the importance of stability and strength at difficult times. I feel certain that their loyalty to the Crown and their help to the new King will be unbounded, and will be given in the greatest possible measure that lies in their power."

Upon this, and after the usual formalities, the Bill to give effect to His Majesty's Declaration of Abdication was read a first time.

The text of the Abdication Bill was :

Whereas His Majesty by his royal message of the tenth day of December in this present year has been pleased to declare that he is irrevocably determined to renounce the Throne for himself and his descendants and has for that purpose executed the instrument of abdication set out in the schedule to this Act, and has signified his desire that effect thereto should be given immediately ;

And whereas following upon the communication to his Dominions of His Majesty's said declaration and desire, the Dominion of Canada, pursuant to the provisions of Section Four of the Statute of Westminster, 1931, has requested and consented to the enactment of this Act, and the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa have assented thereto :

Be it therefore enacted by the King's most

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excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same, as follows :

1. (1) Immediately upon the Royal Assent being signified to this Act the instrument of abdication executed by his present Majesty on the tenth day of December, 1936, set out in the schedule to this Act, shall have effect, and thereupon his Majesty shall cease to be King and there shall be a demise of the Crown and accordingly the member of the Royal Family then next in succession to the Throne shall succeed thereto and to all the rights, privileges, and dignities thereunto belonging.

(2) His Majesty, his issue, if any, and the descendants of that issue, shall not after his Majesty's abdication have any right, title or interest in or to the succession to the Throne, and Section One of the Act of Settlement shall be construed accordingly.

(3) The Royal Marriages Act, 1772, shall not apply to His Majesty after his abdication, nor to the issue, if any, of His Majesty or the descendants of that issue.

2. This Act may be cited as His Majesty's Declaration of Abdication Act, 1936.

Meantime the King's message had also been made known to the House of Lords. Owing to the absence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, the Earl of Onslow had taken his seat on the Woolsack.

After reading the message to the House of Lords, Lord Halifax, the Lord Privy Seal, said :

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"I suppose that the feeling which is uppermost in the minds of all the people of this country, as in all parts of His Majesty's Empire, is one of bewilderment at the suddenness of the loss we have sustained, together with a deepening sense of sorrow as we come to realize its full significance. It is not difficult to appreciate how stern must have been the contest for His Majesty between conflicting loyalties. To few indeed is it given to be immune from such interior civil war; but for none surely can the burden of decision in the solitary sphere of conscience have been so sorely weighted by the knowledge of its inevitable impact upon the life of the whole Commonwealth of which the man who had to make decision was also Sovereign head.

"It is no part of His subjects' duty, even if their hearts allowed, to pass judgment upon the conclusion which His Majesty has felt impelled to reach. We can but signify our profound emotion at the outcome of these days and weeks of painful stress, and give, if we may, a humble assurance of how close our thoughts are to those of his family who stand nearest to the King, and especially to Her for whom the noble Marquess spoke the feeling of the whole House on Tuesday.

"Your Lordships will recall the universal sense of public and of personal deprivation that followed the death of His Late Majesty, and how all who owed allegiance to the British Crown sought comfort in the promise of the new reign then begun. We knew and we have valued all that His Majesty had it in his power to give by way of inspiration, encouragement, and understanding, and it is with great sadness that we have learnt of the untimely withdrawal of these gifts from the service

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of the State. Your Lordships will neither expect nor wish me to say more. We are yet too close to the unhappy sequence of events that has so suddenly overwhelmed both those early anticipations and our hopes."

Lord Snell then voiced the view of the Labour Opposition in the Upper House :

"My Lords, you will have heard the statement which has been made to the House with sorrow and with deep regret. All of us had hoped that the appeals which had been made to His Majesty would have induced him to reach a different conclusion. It seems only a few short days since Edward VIII ascended the Throne amid the heartfelt greetings of his people. There is not one of us who did not wish for him a long, a happy, and a prosperous reign, and none of us would have withheld from him co-operation in any effort necessary for the good of our nation and of His Majesty's personal happiness and well-being. Today we have a different and melancholy situation to face. By his own will, and against the earnest solicitations, many times repeated, of his responsible advisers, His Majesty has decided to take this momentous step. We can only, with infinite regret, accept his decision. He is the master of his own destiny, and he has made his choice. This is not the occasion when any criticism of the issues in this grievous matter could usefully be made. Our thoughts and feelings are so deeply concerned with the personal sorrow of parting with and from a Ruler whose career and promise some of us have followed with hope and satisfaction since his birth, that other matters seem inappropriate.

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"I am certainly not in a position to speak concerning the facts, because I do not know them. Less, perhaps, than any of your Lordships, can we on these Benches venture upon an interpretation of the King's mind. We know him only in his official capacity, and we have had no closer contact with him than has been enjoyed by the general public. We do not complain of that, but it does lessen the opportunity to offer to him understanding assistance at this the great crisis of his life. I hope your Lordships will agree that in a position of unusual difficulty, and without the information which has been available to the Government, my own Party has tried to face this tragic situation with a becoming dignity and restraint. Now that the deciding step is taken, and we are called upon to accept the abdication of a King to whom we were bound by many precious experiences and memories, it only remains to us to think of him as in happier days and to express our deep sympathy with him in the difficult issues that he had to face. Members of my own Party have special reasons of sorrow at his departing. As a Prince he was sympathetic and progressively-minded, and as a King he showed great interest in the well-being of the poorer sections of his people. His sympathy with the miners in the hour of their great need, and his more recent and courageously expressed sympathy with the unemployed workers in the Distressed Areas, make this occasion for us one of special sorrow and regret.

"There is nothing more to be said. We must accept a situation which we have not made and which we cannot influence. And yet there remain two things that I must say—first, to express our

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sympathy with the Prime Minister, who has had both long and arduous and most difficult duties to perform. In my opinion, with such facts as are at my disposal, he sought to be a good friend to the King and to fulfil at the same time his duty to the nation and Empire which his position as Prime Minister imposed upon him. The second thing I must do is, on behalf of my noble friends, to express our very sincere sympathy with Queen Mary and with all the members of her family. May I venture to hope that Her Majesty will be comforted at this hour by the constant and affectionate goodwill of the people of the British nation and the people of the British Commonwealth and Empire. Our minds inevitably and anxiously turn to the problems of the immediate future. Certain consequential decisions will be required following what we do here today, and some of them will require the careful consideration of Parliament."

This was followed by a short debate, upon which the House of Lords adjourned.

Excepting only minor formalities, the crisis on which the eyes of the world have been riveted for over a week was over as far as Parliament was concerned.

Queen Mary, who had been spending the fateful hours during the public announcement of the King's abdication with the Duke and Duchess of York, received a rapturous ovation as she left 145 Piccadilly to return to Marlborough House. Otherwise there were only a few negligible demonstrations outside the Palace and in Whitehall. It was remarkable with what calm the public had accepted the inevitable.

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That night the Duke of York dined with the King at Fort Belvedere, and later in the evening it was announced that King Edward would broadcast as "a private person" at 10 p.m. on the following evening.

CHAPTER XV

GOD BLESS YOU ALL

IN the morning of December 11, the Abdication Bill was read for a second and third time. By 1.52 p.m. the Royal Assent had been obtained.

Shortly afterwards King Edward's last Court Circular was issued. It was brief :

"Buckingham Palace,
December 11th.

The Royal Assent was given at 1.52 p.m. today
to His Majesty's Declaration of Abdication Bill."

Later in the day Queen Mary broke her long silence and issued the following gracious message from Marlborough House :

"To the People of this Nation and Empire.

"I have been so deeply touched by the sympathy which has surrounded me at this time of anxiety that I must send a message of gratitude from the depth of my heart.

"The sympathy and affection which sustained me in my great sorrow less than a year ago have not failed me now, and are once again my strength and stay.

"I need not speak to you of the distress which fills a mother's heart when I think that my dear son has deemed it to be his duty to lay down his charge,

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and that the reign which had begun with so much hope and promise has so suddenly ended.

"I know that you will realize what it has cost him to come to this decision ; and that, remembering the years in which he tried so eagerly to serve and help his country and Empire, you will ever keep a grateful remembrance of him in your hearts.

"I commend to you his brother, summoned so unexpectedly and in circumstances so painful, to take his place. I ask you to give to him the same full measure of generous loyalty which you gave to my beloved husband, and which you would willingly have continued to give to his brother.

"With him I commend my dear daughter-in-law, who will be his Queen. May she receive the same unfailing affection and trust which you have given to me for six and twenty years. I know that you have already taken her children to your hearts.

"It is my earnest prayer that in spite of, nay, through, this present trouble, the loyalty and unity of our land and Empire may by God's blessing be maintained and strengthened. May He bless and keep and guide you always.

"MARY R."

At last the tensely awaited hour of 10 p.m. arrived—that hour when ex-King Edward was to address the nation, the Empire, the world, on the radio. Those who had radios mostly stayed at home to listen in, extending hospitality to friends and acquaintances ; but the managements of restaurants, theatres, and cinemas made special arrangements for relaying to their patrons Edward VIII's last message to his subjects.

On the stroke of ten Sir John Reith, of the B.B.C., announced :

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"This is Windsor Castle. His Royal Highness Prince Edward." Then in simple, moving terms came the message :

"At long last I am able to say a few words of my own.

"I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

"A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him.

"This I do with all my heart.

"You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the Throne, but I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the Empire, which as Prince of Wales and lately as King I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

"But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility, and discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love.

"And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course.

"I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon a single thought—of what would in the end be best for all.

"This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sheer knowledge that my brother, with

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his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the Empire.

"And he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you, and not bestowed on me, a happy home with his wife and children.

"During these hard days I have been comforted by Her Majesty, my mother, and by my family. The Ministers of the Crown, and in particular Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration. There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them, and between me and Parliament.

"Bred in the constitutional traditions by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise. Ever since I was Prince of Wales, and later on when I occupied the Throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of people, wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the Empire. For that I am very grateful.

"I now quit altogether public affairs, and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station, I shall not fail.

"And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. **GOD SAVE THE KING !"**

Immediately after all the B.B.C. transmitters closed down for the night.

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On the following afternoon King George VI was proclaimed. Earlier in the day he had conferred a dukedom on his elder brother, who from then onward was to be known as the Duke of Windsor, later as His Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor.

In the early hours of the bitterly cold night of December 11-12, the Duke of Windsor, accompanied by his Equerry, Colonel Piers Legh, his personal detective, and his pet Cairn terrier, left these shores in the destroyer *Fury*, from which he disembarked at Boulogne to continue his journey by train into voluntary exile, having deemed a throne well lost for the woman he loved so deeply—Wallis Simpson.

CHAPTER XVI

EXILE AND MARRIAGE

WHEN the full story of Edward VIII's abdication is told in proper historical perspective, one of the most remarkable facts to be recorded will be the speed and ease with which the Duke of York succeeded his brother and was proclaimed King. The historian will not fail to praise a Constitution so fashioned that it could provide for a situation as sudden, dramatic, and unprecedented as this without disturbance of any kind. After nine bewildering days the people realized fully the real reasons for Edward VIII's abdication and accepted his successor without demur.

Sympathy there naturally was with the King who had chosen to abandon his throne, and sympathy there is still with him, but among the great mass of the peoples the firm and lasting faith in the institution of the monarchy itself was the deciding factor in a difficult and dangerous crisis. One King had gone by his own choice into exile, another ascended the throne—the continuity of nearly a thousand years was preserved intact.

There was of course the keenest interest in the movements of the Duke of Windsor and in the life he was leading in exile, and that interest continues unabated. There was no less interest in Mrs. Simpson. It was, perhaps, inevitable that lack of official information about the life led by the Duke of Windsor should

lead to the publication of all manner of stories, some of which were so fantastic as to carry their own refutation. They were published one day and officially contradicted the next, and nobody took them very seriously. The Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Simpson had naturally become subjects for gossip and gossip-writers, and gossip is not necessarily concerned with truth. But from a record of news published in the reputable newspapers it is possible to give a running summary of incidents in the Duke of Windsor's life in exile. On leaving this country the Duke of Windsor went, as a guest of the Baron and Baroness Rothschild, to Castle Enzesfeld. Here he led a very quiet life, playing golf and skittles, and was—apart from ear trouble—reported to be in good health. He was, it was said, deeply incensed by the famous address delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury which aroused such strong division of opinion, and at one moment he is believed to have contemplated a reply, but in the end he refrained from doing so.

At Christmas the Duke received an enormous mail and many gifts—the most notable being Queen Mary's—a portrait of King George V.

On Christmas Day the Duke of Windsor attended church and read the Lesson.

He received a remarkable message from Mr. Lloyd George who was in Jamaica and had been away from this country during the week of abdication. In this message, regarded by many as indiscreet, Mr. Lloyd George said :

Best Christmas greetings from an old Minister of the Crown who holds you in as high esteem as ever, and regards you with deeper, loyal affection, deplores the shabby and stupid treatment accorded to you, resents the mean

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and unchivalrous attacks upon you, and regrets the loss sustained by the British Empire of a monarch who sympathized with the lowliest of his subjects.

The Duke replied to this message as follows :

*Very touched by your kind telegram and good wishes which I heartily reciprocate. Cymru am byth.**

(Signed) Edward.

In the early part of January, the Duke of Windsor began to take ski-ing lessons in preparation for a holiday in Austria. He was instructed by the Austrian Olympic champion, Walter Delle Karth.

The Duke paid a special visit to Vienna on January 8 to meet ex-King Alfonso and Don Jaime, with whom he lunched. At this time the British Legion sent special messages to the Duke expressing an "earnest prayer for Your Royal Highness's health and happiness". The British Legion has never failed to assure the Duke of Windsor of their remembrance of his splendid service to their cause. And not only the British Legion but the country as a whole will never forget the Duke's warm, personal interest in the welfare of all ex-Servicemen.

Among the most notable events of these early days of exile was the visit to Castle Enzesfeld of the Duke's sister, the Princess Royal and her husband, the Earl of Harewood. This visit took place on February 8 and the purpose of it was, according to reliable reports, to discuss the Duke's future financial position. The Duke met his sister and the Earl of Harewood at Vienna. He was accompanied by Sir Walford Selby,

* Wales for ever.

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British Minister in Vienna, Lady Selby, and his equerry, Major Metcalfe.

The party made a comprehensive tour of Vienna and were officially entertained by Sir Walford Selby. After the visit of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, the Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived in Vienna and were met by the Duke of Windsor, who accompanied them on a sight-seeing tour of the city. Much speculation arose out of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Kent ; it was generally believed that the real reason for the visit was to make arrangements for the attendance of the Duke and Duchess of Kent at the Duke of Windsor's wedding. This was quickly and authoritatively denied.

Two other visitors to the Duke were Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall, and Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Duke's former private secretary.

Early in March it was announced that the Duke of Windsor had sold his famous Canadian ranch and that he had taken a four months' lease of Wasserlemburg Castle. At Easter the Duke paid a special visit to St. Wolfgang and called on Emil Jannings, the actor and film-star.

Meanwhile, at home considerable interest was aroused in the hearing of an intervention in the divorce suit of Mrs. Ernest Simpson. The intervention was ordered to be struck out by Sir Boyd Merriman, the President of the Divorce Court. The intervener was Mr. Francis Stephenson, of Ilford, in the employ of Messrs. Thorp, Saunders & Thorp, a firm of London solicitors.

Mr. Stephenson intervened in the suit on December 9, the Attorney-General stated on behalf of the King's Proctor. Mr. Stephenson stated that he proposed to

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show cause why the *decree nisi* should not be made absolute by reason of material facts not having been brought before the court, or by reason of the decree having been obtained by collusion. Five days later Mr. Stephenson wrote to the petitioner's solicitors saying it was not his intention to file affidavits in support of his appearance or to proceed further in the matter. "It is right," said the Attorney-General, "to say that he has decided not to proceed for considerations irrelevant to the administration of justice." Later in the hearing of the case, the Attorney-General, dealing with suggestions of pressure on the King's Proctor or himself, said, "There is no truth in either allegation. No pressure of any kind, from any source, has been attempted to prevent investigation or any action which he would think proper to take. The case had been treated no differently from any other."

Following this case, a slander suit was brought by Mr. Ernest Simpson against Mrs. Sutherland, the hearing of which was postponed.

Another action which aroused very considerable interest arose out of the publication of *Coronation Commentary* by Geoffrey Dennis. The Duke of Windsor took strong objection to certain statements made in this book and his solicitors called upon the publishers, Messrs. Heinemann, to withdraw the book from circulation, which they did.

Concurrent with the interest in this country in the daily life of the Duke of Windsor, was the curiosity about Mrs. Simpson (who, after the divorce decree had been made absolute, changed her name to Warfield—her maiden name).

Mrs. Simpson remained with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, until after the decree absolute had been pronounced, and she met the Duke of Windsor

again after the months of separation, when they made plans for and fixed the date of their wedding. Mrs. Simpson had, of course, been the subject of newspaper gossip both in this country and America, and as in the case of the Duke of Windsor many of these stories were entirely inaccurate. Actually, Mrs. Simpson lived very quietly with her friends the Rogers, and was rarely seen in public. She was in daily telephonic communication with the Duke of Windsor throughout the months of separation. She was for a time the object of so much vulgar curiosity that she was forced to publish a protest in which she said: "Everything that happens in these parts now seems to be connected with me." On March 9 Mrs. Simpson left Cannes for the Château de Candé, near Tours, where she was heavily guarded by English and French detectives. A well-informed correspondent who visited Mrs. Simpson at the Château de Candé described her as follows: "She looks exceedingly decorative. Her smile is attractive. She is much prettier than photographs of her would lead one to believe. She is wearing a costume (French, not English), of a grey material trimmed with blue. Her brown hair and vivid colouring go well with the costume."

On May 3 the divorce decree was made absolute and on the following day the Duke of Windsor left St. Wolfgang for Tours, and on May 5 he met Mrs. Simpson.

The Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Simpson were photographed together, and in reply to questions, Mrs. Simpson said: "We are always happy." The months of separation were over, the Duke of Windsor and the woman for whom he had given up his Throne were together again busily engaged in making prepara-

tions for the marriage, the events leading up to which will always be regarded as among the most extraordinary in our history.

The date of the ceremony was fixed for June 3. Two official announcements which caused great interest were made. One was that no members of the Royal Family would attend the wedding, the other that after her marriage the Duchess of Windsor would not be accorded the rank and style of Her Royal Highness. Invitations to the wedding were sent out.

It had been arranged that the wedding would be a purely civil ceremony, but there was a surprise development which caused considerable annoyance to the ecclesiastical authorities.

It was suddenly announced that the Rev. Anderson Jardine, Vicar of St. Paul's, Darlington, had, on his own authority, offered to perform a religious ceremony to follow the civil ceremony conducted by Dr. Charles Mercier, Mayor of Monts. Pressure was brought to bear upon the Rev. Jardine not to perform the religious ceremony, but he replied that he "was not answerable to any man", and that he had consulted nobody—"only his conscience". He was determined to perform the ceremony and the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Warfield had consented to his doing so. The Bishop of Fulham, who has jurisdiction under the Bishop of London over the Anglican Church in France, had, it was stated, issued an order that Anglican clergy were not to conduct the marriage ceremony. The general order of the Jurisdiction, published more than sixty years ago, is that the blessing of the Church cannot be given in a case where one of the contracting parties has a partner in a former marriage living. Meanwhile, the Rev. Jardine had left for the Château de Candé and was deaf to all appeals.

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On the morning of June 3, the Duke and Mrs. Wallis Warfield were married at the Château de Candé.

The following were among the guests at the wedding :

Hugh Lloyd Thomas, British Minister in Paris.

Lady Selby.

Sir Walter Monckton, Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall.

Lady Alexandra Metcalfe.

Major Metcalfe, the best man.

Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild.

Mrs. Merryman, the Duchess of Windsor's aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bedeaux.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers.

Mr. Dudley Forwood, the Duke's Equerry.

Mr. A. G. Allen, the Duke's Solicitor.

A correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, Josselyn Hennessy, present at the ceremony, described it as follows :

Standing in the château's flower-banked music-room by his blue-clad bride before the Reverend Anderson Jardine, the Duke mildly startled the thirty-four guests by the ringing tones in which he said, "I will."

Then Mrs. Warfield, speaking in a firm, low voice, promised to "obey, love, honour, and serve" the Duke.

As she spoke, she turned her face slightly towards the Duke, giving him a fleeting, shy smile.

The Reverend A. Jardine called on the congregation to pray, asking the Almighty to bless "this man and woman", adding in prayer, "May they remain in perfect love and peace together."

There was a deep hush for a few seconds in the sunshine-flooded room when the vicar pronounced the solemn words : "If any man can show just cause or impediment why they may



CHÂTEAU DE CANDÉ

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not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

Mrs. Warfield wore a long "Wallis blue" gown of severely simple lines, cut high at the neck, shoes and gloves to match, with sapphires on her neck, wrists, and in her earrings.

A blue straw toque with short pink and blue feathers in front, topped by a halo of hazel-blue tulle, completed a radiant picture.

The Duke, with morning-coat, pin-striped trousers, and a white carnation, looked incredibly young and happy. He has never appeared more at his ease. All his movements were quietly deliberate. Not once did he finger his tie in the old familiar nervous gesture. Gone were the wrinkled forehead and tired eyes.

Previously the French civil ceremony had been conducted in the drawing-room by Dr. Mercier, the village mayor, complete with his tri-colour sash of office.

Although both ceremonies were conducted with all due solemnity, an atmosphere of informality and friendliness prevailed.

While the guests, all seated in the music-room, waited for the civil ceremony to end, M. Marcel Dupré, France's leading organist, played softly on the magnificent organ in the next room, through whose wide-open doors the fifteen assembled servants of the château shared in the ceremony.

The couple went separately down a corridor from the drawing-room to the music-room, where the Rev. A. Jardine, his glasses on his nose, waited in a white surplice.

On the altar, improvised out of an antique chest, were set a two-feet high plain gold cross, two old silver cups filled with sprays of lily-of-the-valley and, on either side, a candelabrum, each with a single tall yellow candle.

The altar was framed by massed sycamore flowers, lilies, peonies, and some trails of a rare clematis which was a creamy green colour and filled the warm summer air with a sweet scent. All the flowers were greens, creams, and whites to tone with the room's pale green walls and yellow silk curtains. After the Duke's entrance the bride came in on the arm of

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Mr. Rogers. Two white satin cushions, on which they were to kneel when required, lay before the altar.

When the moment arrived, the Duke slipped the ring on Mrs. Warfield's finger, repeating: "With this ring, I thee wed, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

The service ended with the singing of the Church of England hymn, "O, Perfect Love".

After the religious ceremony the guests were entertained at a buffet wedding-breakfast in the dining-room beautifully decorated with flowers.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, laughing merrily together, cut the three-feet-high wedding cake. The Duke, it was noted, seemed profoundly changed from the man with whom the British public has been familiar. A weight seems to have been removed from his mind; his manner is quieter, his smile rounder, his eye brighter. He is a man at peace with himself. Both he and the Duchess of Windsor were deeply touched by the 2000 telegrams of good wishes which they received and by the many presents. Most notable among the presents was one from the King and Queen, who also sent their good wishes for the happiness of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Immediately after the wedding, the Duke of Windsor issued a statement expressing the appreciation of himself and the Duchess for "the courtesy which for the most part has been shown them everywhere in unprecedented circumstances. As regards the future, the Duke realizes that any atmosphere of secrecy is unsatisfactory, and he will always be prepared to supply any news of importance concerning the Duchess and himself. At the same time the Duke and Duchess, while fully understanding the difficulties, want on this day to appeal to the Press of the world to give them



AFTER THE CEREMONY

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that measure of consideration and privacy which they feel is now their due”.

As the Duke and Duchess left Monts, all the villagers turned out and cheered heartily. They travelled by car to catch the Orient Express *en route* to the castle in Austria for their honeymoon.

And so this marriage set the seal upon a romance that had cost King Edward VIII his throne, caused a constitutional crisis unprecedented in our history, and made Wallis Warfield of Baltimore Her Grace the Duchess of Windsor.

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